

THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL.

VOL. IV.



THE
W O R K S
OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE
By Mr. DRYDEN.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIVINGTON and Sons, J. ROBSON,
B. LAW, T. VERNOR, G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,
T. CADELL, J. JOHNSON, J. MURRAY,
R. BALDWIN, W. FLEXNEY, P. MACQUEEN,
C. and G. KEARSLEY, and L. WAYLAND.

M DCC XCII.

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Printed by J. Richardson and Sons, J. Knapton,
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C. and O. Baskin, and L. Baskin.

1754

THE
NINTH BOOK

OF THE
Æ N E I S.

THE
A R G U M E N T.



*T*URNUS takes advantage of Æneas's absence; fires some of his ships, (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

The Ninth Book

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
Retir'd, alone she found the daring man; 5
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began.
What none of all the gods cou'd grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence; 10
And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains:
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.

This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight, 15
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies.
Iris, the grace of Heav'n, what pow'r divine
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine? 20
See, they divide; immortal day appears;
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy these happy omens I obey,
And follow to the war the god that leads the way.

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood, 25
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to Heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates thro' the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train: 30
Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest.
Silent they move; majestically flow, 35
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
And the dark menace of the distant war.

Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Blackning the fields, and thickning thro' the skies. 40
Then to his fellows, thus aloud he calls :

What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls ?
Arm, arm, and man the works ; prepare your spears
And pointed darts ; the Latian host appears.

Thus warn'd, they shut their gates ; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and secure their foes attend. 46

For their wise gen'ral with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war :

Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance ;
But close within their lines attend their chance. 50

Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command ;
And soursly wait in arms the hostile band.

The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,
A pye-ball'd steed of Thracian stain he press'd ;
His helm of massy gold ; and crimson was his crest. }

With twenty horse to second his designs, 56
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour and his danger share ?

Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw, 60
In sign of war ; applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,

He rides around the camp with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post; and ev'ry passage tries. 65
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And impotent of anger, finds no way 70
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with desire and furious with disdain: 75
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide 80
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,
And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd. 85
From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.

What pow'r, O muses, cou'd avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure, 90
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said, that when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun. 95

Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd Heav'n has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100
Where I was worship'd with religious love;
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to speed his flight.
Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erfet, nor waves intomb 105
The floating forests of the sacred pine;
But let it be their safety to be mine.

Then thus reply'd her awful son; who rolls
The radiant stars, and Heav'n and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endless date demand 110
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?

What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride
 Of safety certain on th' uncertain tide?
 Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
 The chief is landed on the Latian shore, 115
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
 At my command shall change their fading forms
 To nymphs divine; and plow the wat'ry way,
 Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore, 120
 The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore;
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god: }
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
 Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom, 126
 When the great mother of the gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
 A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along: 130
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:
 And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
 Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.

O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear; 135
 And know, my ships are my peculiar care.

With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors lanch at large, 140
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.
No sooner had the goddesses ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main, 145
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast;
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste; 150
Old Tiber roar'd; and raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke.
These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant, 155
And are by Jove for black presages sent:
He takes the cowards last relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey. }
The liquid half of all the globe is lost; 160
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.

Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men surround.

Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles;

'Twas giv'n to Venus, they should cross the seas, 165

And land secure upon the Latian plains;

Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.

'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy

With sword and fire the faithless race of Troy.

Shall such affronts as these, alone inflame 170

The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?

My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,

And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.

Was't not enough that, punish'd for the crime,

They fell; but will they fall a second time? 175

One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,

To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.

Can they securely trust their feeble wall,

A slight partition, a thin interval,

Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built

By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt? 181

Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,

To force from out their lines these dastard bands.

Less than a thousand ships will end this war;

Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare. 185

Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians join,
Nor these, nor those shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light. 190
No wooden engine shall their town betray,
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west, 195
Give me the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare,
The morn shall end the small remains of war.

The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls; 200
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,
And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command:
All clad in shining arms the works invest, 205
Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play. 210

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defence abound; 215
Mnestheus and brave Sereftus walk the round:
Commision'd by their absent prince, to share
The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots; and as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall. 220

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus chance.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars; well cou'd he bear 225
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face or sweeter air could boast; 230
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus, thus: Or do the gods inspire 235
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind. 240
Thou seest the foe secure: how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie;
The wakeful few, the fuming flaggon ply:
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve; 245
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both wou'd hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
(For fame is recompence enough for me) 250
Methinks, beneath yon hill I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide.
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,
With love of praise and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind: 255
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?

Not so my father taught my childhood arms, 260
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-sold to purchase fame. 265

Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
Wou'd minister new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust) 270
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life; I wou'd not perish all. 275
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
To bear my mangled body from the foe;
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny, 280
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;

Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily, 285
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron staid behind.
To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes 290
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care;
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share: 295
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief;
Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose, 300
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admision, eager to be heard: 305 }
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in;
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin,

Then Nifus thus : Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years. 310
The foe securely drench'd in sleep and wine
Neglect their watch ; the fires but thinly shine :
And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Cov'ring the plain and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide, 315 }
Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may : 320
Nor can we be mistaken in the way ;
For hunting in the vales we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between :
And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford.
He ceas'd ; and old Alethes took the word. 325
Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race :
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.
Then into tears of joy the father broke ; 330 }
Each in his longing arms by turns he took ;
Panted and paus'd ; and thus again he spoke.

Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompence of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive, 335
The gods and your own conscious worth will give;
The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.

And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
Ascanius adds, by the great deities, 340
By my dear country, by my household-gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
Adjure you both; (on you my fortune stands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands :)
Make me but happy in his safe return, 345
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
Your common gift shall two large goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conqu'ring fire at sack'd Arisba gain'd. 350
And more, two tripods cast in antick mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold:
Beside a costly bowl, engrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign, 355
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,

Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young
[and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide 365
From thee, heroick youth; be wholly mine:
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend;
My life's companion, and my bosom friend;
My peace shall be committed to thy care, 370
And to thy conduct, my concerns in war.

Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth. 375
This only from your goodness let me gain;
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came;
And sure the best that ever bore the name:

Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily cou'd hold 380
From me departing, but o'erspent, and old,
My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive. 385
By this right hand and conscious night I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd; 390
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes and of fears.
He said: The mov'd assistants melt in tears.
Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety: 395
So great beginnings in so green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim
Creüsa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have, 400
'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what, returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share. 405

He said; and weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold, Lycaon made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade :
This was his gift. Great Mneſtheus gave his friend 410
A lion's hide, his body to defend ;
And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate. 415
With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years ;
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay; 421
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain :
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore :
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore : 425
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medly of debauch and war they lie.





J. Collyer sculp.

Observing Nisus show'd his friend the fight;
Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd: 430
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around; while I securely go,
And hew a passage thro' the sleeping foe.
Softly he spoke; then striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay:
His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath, 436
And heaving from his breast he drew his breath;
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd:
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd,
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew. Then spies 440
Where Rhemus with his rich retinue lies:
His armour-bearer first; and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses: last, invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword: 445
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyris the strong, 450
He slew; and then Serranus fair and young.

From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it lasted till the day. 455

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
And tears the peaceful flocks; with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs 460
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys;
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadius, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.

Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhætus wakeful, and observing all, 465
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.

The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood,
The purple soul comes floating in the flood. 471

Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The warrior-horses ty'd in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said, 475

Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
 Foe to nocturnal thefts: No more, my friend,
 Here let our glutt'd execution end;
 A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made: 480
 The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
 A precious load; but these they leave behind.
 Yet fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey, 485 }
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 This present Cedicus the rich, bestow'd
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd: 490
 And absent, join'd in hospitable ties;
 He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
 Till by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd
 He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd,
 These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits; but suits in vain. 496
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp; and take the ready way. 500

But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
Three hundred horse with Volscens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent:
And now advancing, fought the leader's tent. 505
They saw the pair; for thro' the doubtful shade
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens, from the crowd,
These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud: 510
Stand, stand! Why thus in arms, and whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay, 515
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey, 521
And fear, mis-led the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:

And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd, 525
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around;
Ah, wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find? 530
Or what way take? Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and list'ning hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the riders voice.
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd 535
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What shou'd he next attempt? what arms employ?
What fruitless force to free the captive boy? 540
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppress, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
And casting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddesses of the night, 545
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father for my sake
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make;

Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils; 550
Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and lanch'd the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood, 555
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round, his eye-balls roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd; a second jav'lin flies
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies; 560
This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge: but thou, he cries, 565
Shall pay for both, and at the pris'ner flies
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover cou'd not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew. 570
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.

He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!
His only crime, (if friendship can offend) 575
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast, 581
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd:
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd, 585
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd:
Volsens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
Born back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd; and kept him still in sight:
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might. 590
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke;
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke:
Dying he flew; and stagg'ring on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain:
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell; 595
Content in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O, happy friends! for if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And spread, where e'er the Roman eagle flies! 600
The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found; 605
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed, 610
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd:
When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight. 615
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd,
And his own ardor in their souls inspir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears: A ghastly fight; 620
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Mean time the Trojans run where danger calls;
They line their trenches, and they man their walls :
In front extended to the left they stood ;
Safe was the right surrounded by the flood. 625
But casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces which too well they knew ;
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame, thro' the sad city bears 630
The mournful message to the mother's ears :
An icy cold benumbs her limbs : she shakes ;
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts : she rends her hair, 635 }
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears ;
Thus looks the prop of my declining years !
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed !
Ah how unlike the living is the dead ! 640
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiss from a departing son !
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent !

Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay, 645
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies!
To call about his corps his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends) 650
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corps? what earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas, I left my needful ease, 655
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below! 660
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
Nor young Ascanius cou'd the fight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent, 665
To bear the madding mother to her tent,
And now the trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.

The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds,
And heav'n, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head, 671
And rushing forward, form a moving shed;
These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear, 675
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war;
Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks and unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow; 681
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
But cou'd not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way, 685
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow. 690
Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.

But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
 Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
 And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town. 695 }

Calliope begin: ye sacred nine,
 Inspire your poet in his high design:
 To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made;
 What souls he sent below the Stygian shade;
 What fame the soldiers with their captain share, 700
 And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
 For you in singing martial facts excel;
 You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
 Built up of beams, and of stupendous height; 705
 Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
 To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
 To level this, the bold Italians join;
 The wary Trojans obviate their design: 709
 With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
 Shoot thro' the loopholes, and sharp jav'lines throw.
 Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,
 Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
 It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
 The planks were season'd, and the timber dry. 715
 Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.

The Trojans fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train;
Till crowding to the corners of the wall, 720
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound,
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tow'r that follow'd on the fallen crew, 724
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All, the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;
Sav'd how they know not from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth, 730
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war:
(A privilege which none but freemen share.)
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield, 735
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And rising, found himself amidst his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay: 740

And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds.
Of eager huntsmen and-invading hounds;
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft, against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws 745
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find. 750
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind,) 755
Fool, said the chief, tho' fleetier than the wind,
Coud'st thou presume to 'scape, when I pursue?
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls,
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare, 761
Jove's bird comes fowling down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful fray:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.

So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb, 765
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw. 770

Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew; 775
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.

Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain,
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonis and Itys fall, 780
Sagar and Ida, standing on the wall.

From Capy's arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla first; but slight the wound;
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapt his hand upon the wounded part: 785
The second shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:

Transfix'd his breathing lungs and beating heart;
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, 790
In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest;

Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:

Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame. 795

Him, when he spy'd from far the Thuscan king,

Laid by the lance and took him to the sling:

Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw;

The heated lead half melted as it flew:

It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain: 800

The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who before this day

Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,

First bent in martial strife the twanging bow;

And exercis'd against a human foe. 805

With this bereft Numanus of his life,

Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,

Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a

[stride,

In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd. 810

Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown,
Coop'd up a second time within your town!

Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.

Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force! 815

What gods, what madness hither steer'd your course!

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here;

Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,

We bear our new-born infants to the flood; 820

There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,

With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

They wake before the day to range the wood,

Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.

No sports but what belong to war they know, 825

To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.

Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;

Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.

From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,

They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town. 830

No part of life from toils of war is free;

No change in age, or difference in degree.

We plough, and til in arms; our oxen feel,

Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:

Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain; 835

Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:

The body, not the mind: nor can control

Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.

Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:

We live by plunder, and delight in prey. 840

Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;

In sloth you glory, and in dances join.

Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,

Your turbants underneath your chins are ty'd.

Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen; 845

Go, less than women, in the shapes of men;

Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,

Where with unequal sound the flute invites.

Sing, dance, and howl by turns in Ida's shade;

Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade.

This foul reproach, Ascanius cou'd not hear 851

With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,

And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.

But first, before the throne of Jove he stood; 855

And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god.

My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed,

An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed:

A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head, 860
Buts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies 865
The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.
The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn; 869
The Phrygians, twice subdu'd, yet make this third

[return.

Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake
The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd; }
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud. 875

Advance illustrious youth, increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.

This is the way to heav'n; the pow'rs divine 880
From this beginning date the Julian line.

To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due; and the vast world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant head; 885
Dispell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left to rule Ascanius, by his fire;
His wrinkled visage and his hoary hairs, 890
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus salutes the boy too forward for his years: }
Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part 895
Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow. 900
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themselves no danger shun;
From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run;

They bend their bows, they whirl their slings around: }
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground; }
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound. }
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry kids arise:
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main, 910
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain:
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare 915
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise:
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command, 920
Arm'd on the right, and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn; 925
And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free.

Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus rushing on, 930

Equicolus, that in bright armour shone,

And Hæmon first; but soon repuls'd they fly,

Or in the well-defended pass they die.

These with success are fir'd, and those with rage,

And each on equal terms at length engage. 935

Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,

The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,

When suddenly th' unhop'd for news was brought;

The foes had left the fastness of their place, 940

Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.

He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,

Runs where the giant brothers guard the gate.

The first he met, Antiphates the brave,

But base begotten on a Theban slave; 945

Sarpedon's son he slew: the deadly dart

Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd his heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood;

Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies, 950

And Meropes, and the gigantick size

Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.

Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,

A dart were lost within that roomy breast;

But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong; 955

Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along :

Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold ;

Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.

Down sunk the monster bulk, and press'd the ground :

His arms and clatt'ring shield, on the vast body sound,

Not with less ruin than the Bajan mole, 961

(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control,)

At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,

Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall

Off the vast pile ; the scatter'd ocean flies ; 964

Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.

The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores :

Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars :

Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,

Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land, 970

Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,

With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd,

New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd ;

But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright : 975

Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,

The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate 979
With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to the
[weight,

Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;

The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.

Fool as he was, and frantick in his care,

T'admit young Turnus, and include the war.

He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold; 985

Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.

Too late his blazing buckler they descry,

And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:

His mighty members, and his ample breast,

His rattling armour, and his crimson crest. 990

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;

All but the fool who sought his destiny.

Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd

For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud,

These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town 995

Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:

'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,

No means of safe return by flight are left.

To whom with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,

Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate: 1000

My message to the ghost of Priam bear,

Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew ;
With his full force he whirl'd it first around, 1005
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound :
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said Turnus, when I strike,
To shun thy fate, our force is not alike ; 1010
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god :
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
And aim'd from high : the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two :
Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound, 1015
His pon'drous limbs oppress the trembling ground ;
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping
[wound.]

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides ;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate : 1020
And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury to pursue the crowd. 1025

Hamstring'd behind unhappy Gyges dy'd;

Then Phalaris is added to his side:

The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,

And their friends arms against their fellows threw.

Strong Haly's stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies; 1030

Saturnia still at hand, new force and fire supplies.

Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall;

(Engag'd against the foes, who scal'd the wall:)

But whom they fear'd without they found within:

At last, tho' late, by Linceus he was seen. 1035

He calls new succours, and assaults the prince;

But weak his force, and vain is their defence.

Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,

And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.

He joints the neck; and with a stroke so strong 1040

The helm flies off, and bears the head along.

Next him the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,

In darts invenom'd, and in poison skill'd.

Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,

And Cretus, whom the muses held so dear: 1045

He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:

Arms were his business, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,

Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.

Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train, 1050

Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the dead,

Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.

O, void of sense and courage, Mnestheus cry'd,

Where can you hope your coward heads to hide? 1055

Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run?

One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!

Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,

And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?

Forfaking honour, and renouncing fame, 1060

Your gods, your country, and your king you shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,

They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield:

But with slow paces measures back the field; 1065

And inches to the walls where Tiber's tide,

Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.

The more he loses, they advance the more;

And tread in ev'ry step he trod before. 1069

They shout, they bear him back, and whom by might

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,

The lordly lion still maintains his ground;

Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;
He loses while in vain he presses on, 1076
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
So Turnus fares, and unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight;
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews, 1080
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues:
But now they swarm; and with fresh troops supply'd
Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side.
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store;
For Jove, with four commands, sent Iris down 1086
To force th' invader from the frightened town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy fauchion, or sustain the shield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring: 1091
His golden helm gives way; with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His crest is rash'd away, his ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd. 1095

The foe now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.

Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes, 1100
And vain efforts, and hurtless blows he makes:
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast; 1105
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.



Sick hearted, as a dog is at a bay,
 With hanging head, and panted ear,
 I wept and thought as I gazed on mine,
 And you of mine, and mine of mine,
 And as I wept, and thought, and mine,
 Plunged in the flood, and made the water fly.
 The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,
 And with'd the great, and well, it was the loss.
 The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,
 And with'd the great, and well, it was the loss.

THE
TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

JUPITER calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is describ'd as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: The different actions and death of these two, are the subject of a noble episode.

The Tenth Book

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE gates of heav'n unfold ; Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.

Sublimely seated he surveys from far

The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war ;

And all th' inferior world : from first to last 5

The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty fire began. Ye gods,

Natives, or denizons, of blest abodes ;

From whence these murmurs, and this change of
[mind,

This backward fate from what was first design'd? 10

Why this protracted war, when my commands

Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands?

What fear or hope on either part divides
 Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on diff'rent sides?
 A lawful time of war at length will come, 15
 (Nor need your haste anticipate the doom)
 When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome:
 Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
 And like a flood come pouring on the plains.
 Then is your time for faction and debate, 20
 For partial favour, and permitted hate.
 Let now your immature dissension cease:
 Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.
 Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
 But lovely Venus thus replies at large. 25
 O pow'r immense, eternal energy!
 (For to what else protection can we fly,)
 Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
 In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
 How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train, 30
 In shining arms triumphant on the plain?
 Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
 And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
 The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,
 With a red deluge, their increasing moats. 35
 Æneas ignorant, and far from thence,
 Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd, be forc'd, and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears, 40
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive; 45
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the gods their sure success foretel,
If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate 50
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Eolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet. 55
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames 60
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.

Imperial sway no more exalts my mind :
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race ; 65 }
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive ;
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave) 70
Then, father, (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war :
Inglorious let him live, without a crown ; 75 }
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate ; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs ;
In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,
Obscurely let him rest ; his right resign 80
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his fire : 85

To pass the perils of the seas and wind ;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind ;
To reach th' Italian shores : if after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall ?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires, 90
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before.

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart :
And must I own, she said, my secret smart ? 95
What with more decency were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
Did god, or man, your fav'rite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise ?
By fate you boast, and by the gods decree, 100
He left his native land for Italy :
Confess the truth ; by mad Cassandra, more
Than heav'n inspir'd, he fought a foreign shore !
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy ? 105
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes ?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land ?

Did I or Iris give this mad advice, 110
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law: 115
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
 Realms not your own, among your clans divide, 120
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
 Petition, while you publick arms prepare;
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shroud,
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd; 125
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
 And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
 But 'tis my crime, the queen of heav'n offends,
 If she presume to save her suff'ring friends. 130
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
 You say is absent: absent let him be.
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
 The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.

Why do you then these needless arms prepare, 135
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began? 140
Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate: 145
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;
Just as they favour, or dislike the cause:
So winds, when yet unstedg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try; 150
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
{ When he begins, the silent senate stand 155
With rev'rence list'ning to the dread command:
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)

Cœlestials! your attentive ears incline;
 Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join 160 }
 In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
 Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
 Tend but to discompose our happy state;
 The war henceforward be resign'd to Fate. }
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall, 165
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
 Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
 Let these assault; if fortune be their friend;
 And if she favours those, let those defend: 170
 The fates will find their way. The thund'rer said,
 And shook the sacred honours of his head;
 Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god:
 Trembled the poles of heav'n; and earth confess'd }
 [the nod.]
 This end the sessions had: the senate rise, 176
 And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the skies.
 Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes
 Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:
 They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate: 180
 Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Æneans wish in vain their wanted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew: 185
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;
Young Hæmon, and tho' young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd; 190
Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mnestheus cou'd not more have done, }
Or the great father of th' intrepid son. 196
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones defend.
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crown he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set, 205
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Iſmarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born,
Where plenteous harveſts the fat fields adorn; 210
Where proud Pæctolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden ſands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Mneſtheus too, increas'd in fame 214
Since Turnus from the camp he caſt with ſhame. }

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either ſide.
Mean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He ſought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cauſe of coming to the chief; 220
His name and country told, and aſk'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent, deſign'd;
Then ſhew'd the ſlipp'ry ſtate of human kind, 225
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his whoſome counſel added pray'r.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty ſigns,
And to the Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins. 229
They ſoon ſet fail; nor now the fates withſtand,
Their forces truſted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear;
Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.

}

Under their grateful shade Æneas fate,
Revolving wars events, and various fate.

235

His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

240

Now sacred sisters open all your spring,
The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, thro' the foaming sea;
From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore.

245

250

Six hundred Populonea sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An isle renown'd for steel and unexhausted mines.
Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars;

255

From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260

Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,
Proud of his manag'd horse and painted shield.
Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,
And his own Cœre sent three hundred men:
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave. 266

Thou, muse, the name of Cynaras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan. 270

Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly:
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,
Beneath the sister shades to sooth his grief: 275

Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief;
And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny centaur stood, 280

Who heav'd a rock, and threat'ning still to throw,
 With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below:
 They seem to fear the formidable fight,
 And roll'd their billows on to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train 285
 Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain,
 The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
 From whence the Mantuan town derives the name;
 An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,
 Three several tribes compose the government; 290
 Four towns are under each; but all obey
 The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
 Whom Mincius from his fire Benacus bore; 294
 (Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead co-
 [ver'd o'er.)

These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep
 With stretching oars at once the glassy deep:
 Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
 High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
 Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound, 300
 And at the blast the billows dance around.
 A hairy man above the waist he shows,
 A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;

And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train, 306
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.

The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes, 310
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:

But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep. 315

They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.

Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.

Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides 320
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:

She spoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man.

Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track; 325

And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea:

Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.

Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane;
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain) 331
And since have fought you thro' the Tuscan main. }

The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.

But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd, 335

By your insulting foes is hardly press'd;

Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host

Advance in order on the Latian coast:

To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,

Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340

Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,

First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:

Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,

And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.

To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain, 345

Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.

Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force,

Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course:

(For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,

The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind. 350

The rest make up: unknowing of the cause;

The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes;
 Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
 With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill, 355
 Fierce tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
 Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
 And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day
 Had chas'd the shadows of the night away. 360
 He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
 Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
 Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bad 'em hope the
 [war.] }

Now from his lofty poop he view'd below,
 His camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing foe. 365
 His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;
 The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
 Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
 Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
 Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise 370
 Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
 Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
 The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er,
 And the swift ships descending on the shore. 375

The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield. 379

Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human kind with plagues, and with dry famine
[frights.

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent: 385
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare: 390
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame. 395
Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand
With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:

Then these elects, the landing to prevent; 400
And those he leaves to keep the city pent.

Mean time the Trojan sends his troops ashore :
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land. 405
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore;
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land : 411
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land, I ask no more,
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore ; 415
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at ev'ry oar ; and ev'ry stretcher bends :
They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood, 420
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood:
She breaks her back, the loosen'd fides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.

Their broken oars, and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labour to the land ; 425
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand. }

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing tow'rds the margin of the sea.

The trumpets found : Æneas first assail'd 429

The clowns new rais'd and raw ; and soon prevail'd.

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight :

Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.

He first in open fields defy'd the prince,

But armour scal'd with gold was no defence

Against the fated sword, which open'd wide 435

His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next Lycas fell ; who, not like others born,

Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn :

Sacred, O Phœbus ! from his birth to thee,

For his beginning life from biting steel was free. 440

Not far from him was Gyas laid along,

Of monstrous bulk ; with Cisseus fierce and strong :

Vain bulk and strength ; for when the chief assail'd,

Nor valour, nor Herculean arms avail'd ;

Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go 445

With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.

The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,

Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.

Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom, 450
And fought with lust obscene polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Sev'n darts are thrown at once, and some rebound 455
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates to supply
The spears that knew the way to victory. 460
Those fatal weapons which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain.
He said: then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw; 465
Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Mæon's buckler flew:
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain. 470
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,

His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft

His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.

Then Numitor, from his dead brother drew 475

Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw;

Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,

Which glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,

And from afar, at Dryops took his aim: 480

The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,

And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:

It stop'd at once the passage of his wind,

And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:

His forehead was the first that struck the ground; 485

Life-blood and life rush'd mingled thro' the wound.

He slew three brothers of the Borean race,

And three whom Ismarus, their native place,

Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace. }

Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads; 490

The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,

Conspicuous on his horse: on either hand

These fight to keep, and those to win the land.

With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,

While on its borders each their claim decide. 495

As wintry winds contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try :
They rage, they roar ; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n :
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield ; 500
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can :
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part th' Arcadian horse
With ill success engage the Latian force. 505
For where th' impetuous torrent rushing down,
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their courfers, and unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd 510
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource ;
With these to move their minds, with those to fire
[their force.

Which way, companions ! whither wou'd you run ?
By you yourselves and mighty battles won ; 516
By my great fire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame ;
By my youth, emulous of equal right
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight. 520

Trust not your feet, your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come;
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below, 525
Oppress our arms; with equal strength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe. }
See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore;
The sea behind, our enemies before:
No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain. 530
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw;
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine, 535
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.
Hisson came on; but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow; 540
For warding his at once, at once he press'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.

Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
 Who stain'd his stepdame's bed with impious lust;
 And after him the Daunian twins were slain, 545
 Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
 So wond'rous like in feature, shape, and size,
 As caus'd an error in their parents eyes.
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides. 550
 For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand
 Dismember'd, fought its owner on the strand:
 The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
 And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain. 554

Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came;
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame. }
 Then, with a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,
 Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!
 The flying spear was after llus sent, 560
 But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
 From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
 The lance athwart his body laid him dead.
 Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
 And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground. 565
 As when in summer welcome winds arise,
 The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,

And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast, 570
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste:
The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the fatiate flames in sheets ascend the sky.
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite; 575
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halefus came, fierce with desire of blood,
(But first collected in his arms he stood)
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres fell: 580
Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone;
It struck beneath the space of either eye, 585
And blood and mingled brains together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halefus' sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son, 590

And haul'd him to the war : to find beneath
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.

Pallas th' encounter seeks, but ere he throws,
To Tuscan Iber thus address'd his vows :

O, sacred stream, direct my flying dart, 595

And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart ;

His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.

Pleas'd with the bribe the god receiv'd his pray'r ;

For while his shield protects a friend distress'd,

The dart came driving on and pierc'd his breast. 600

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,

Permits not panic fear to reign too far,

Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight ;

But by his own example cheers the fight.

Fierce Abas first he slew ; Abas, the stay 605

Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day.

The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,

They, and their mix'd allies, now lead the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,

The leaders equal, and their strength the same. 610

The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield

Their angry weapons to dispute the field.

Here Pallus urges on, and Lausus there,

Of equal youth and beauty both appear, 615 }

But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air. }

Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.

With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd, 620

And making to his friends, thus calls aloud ;

Let none presume his needless aid to join ;

Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine :

To this right hand is Pallas only due :

Oh, were his father here my just revenge to view !

From the forbidden space his men retir'd ; 626

Pallas, their awe and his stern words admir'd :

Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,

Struck with his haughty mien and tow'ring height.

Then to the king : Your empty vaunts forbear ; 630

Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.

Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name :

Jove is impartial, and to both the same.

He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace ;

Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face. 635

Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,

Address'd himself on foot to single fight ;

And as a lion, when he spies from far

A bull that seems to meditate the war ;

Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand, 640
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance, 645
Prepares to charge him first; resolv'd to try
If Fortune wou'd his want of force supply.
And thus to heav'n and Hercules address'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites, 650
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast;
Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began: 656
Short bounds of life are set to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span. }
So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light: 660
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty fire, cou'd ward the blow;
Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
And stands already on the verge of death.

This said, the god permits the fatal fight, 665
But from the Latian fields averts his fight.

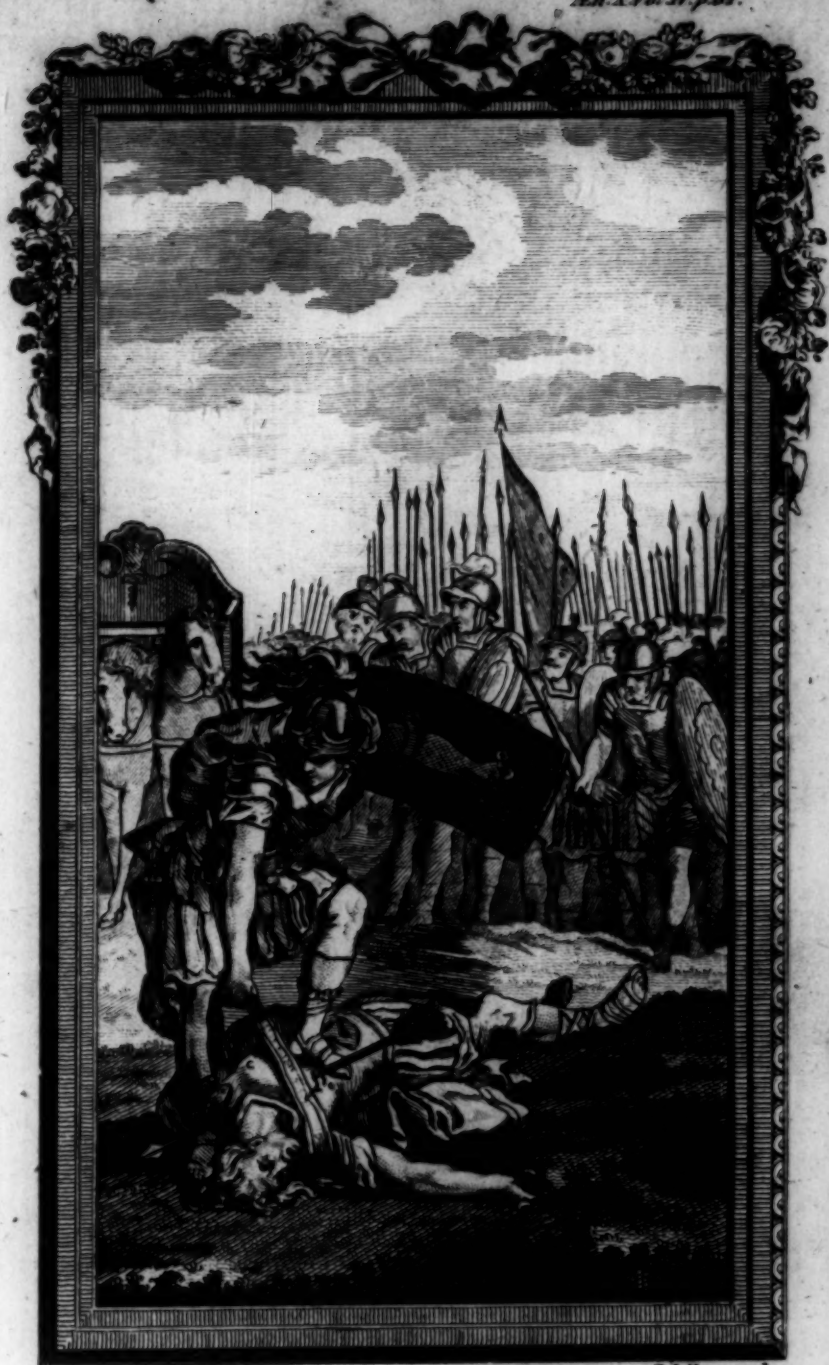
Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
And having thrown, his shining fauchion drew:
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point. 670
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw;
Then, as the winged weapon whiz'd along,
See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd 675
By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
Thro' folded brass and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
His croslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood: 680
He falls; his arms upon his body found,
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corps: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my message to your master bear:
Such as the fire deserv'd, the son-I send; 685
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow
Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below.

He said, and trampled down with all the force
 Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse: 690
 Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid,
 The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made;
 Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,
 All, in the compass of one mournful night,
 Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light. 695 }

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
 O, mortals! blind in fate, who never know
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
 The time shall come when Turnus, but in vain, 700
 Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain;
 Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field
 Bear back the breathless body on a shield. 705
 O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
 With praises to thy fire, at once deplor'd.
 One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
 Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd; 710 }
 One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield. }
 This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
 But sad spectators, to the hero came:



J. Colyer sculp.



His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.

He whirls his sword around, without delay, 715

And hews through adverse foes an ample way,
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:

Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes;

His plighted hand, and hospitable ties. 720

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led
To please the ghost of Pallas; and expire
In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.

At Magus next he threw; he stoop'd below 725

The flying spear, and shun'd the promis'd blow.

Then creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:

By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,

O spare my life, and send me back to see

My longing fire and tender progeny. 730

A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,

In silver ingots and in bars of gold:

All these, and sums besides, which see no day,

The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.

If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail? 735

A single soul's too light to turn the scale.

He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy childrens lot. Thy Turnus broke
All ru'es of war, by one relentless stroke, 740
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son.
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd. 746

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glitt'ring in arms he shone amidst the crowd,
Much of his god, more of his purple proud: 750
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the field,
The holy coward fell; and forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest; and at one blow,
Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.
His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears, 755
Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those,
And seeks revenge himself on other foes. 760

At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow
Both shield and arm to ground together go:
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
So made by mutter'd spells; and from the spheres, 765
Had life secur'd in vain for length of years.

Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod,
A nymph his mother, and his fire a god.
Exulting in bright arms he braves the prince:
With his protended lance he makes defence: 770

Bears back his feeble foe; then pressing on,
Arrests his better hand and drags him down:
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood, 775
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain;
Lie there inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother and thy native home; 780
Expos'd to savage beasts and birds of prey,
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.

They fled for fear; with these he chas'd along 785 }
 Camers the yellow-look'd, and Numa strong, }
 Both great in arms, and both were fair and young: }
 Camers was son to Volscens lately slain; }
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train, }
 And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign. 790 }

And as Ægean, when with heaven he strove,
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
 Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
 Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires, 795
 And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
 In his right hand as many swords he wields,
 And takes the thunder on as many shields:
 With strength like his the Trojan hero stood, 799 }
 And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd, }
 When once his fauchion found the taste of blood. }

With fury scarce to be conceiv'd he flew
 Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
 They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
 And pushing at their chests his pointed lance, 805
 Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
 They drew their master headlong from the chair:
 They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
 They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains, 810
With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains. }

Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming sword; Æneas couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear. 815 }

Then Liger thus: Thy confidence is vain
To scape from hence as from the Trojan plain;
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode;
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield: 820
Thy fatal hour is come, and this the field.

Thus Liger vainly vaunts: The Trojan peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.

As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends, 825
Prepar'd for fight, the fatal dart arrives,

And thro' the border of his buckler drives;
Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground,
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:

Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight; 831

Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat,
But you yourself forsake your empty seat.

He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein,
(For Liger lay already on the plain 835
By the same shock) then stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare 840
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r.
Thus much he spoke, and more he wou'd have said,
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head
And cut him short. I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began; 845
Now take your turn; and, as a brother shou'd,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issu'd at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground, 850
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
At length Ascanius and the Trojan train
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Mean time the king of gods and mortal man
Held conf'rence with his queen, and thus began: 855
My sister-goddes, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;

Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone,
With inborn valour, force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd! 860
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone submissively replies:
Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear, 865
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will:
From your almighty pow'r, your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life;
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight, 870
And give him to his aged father's fight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name, 874
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god reply'd:
Since in my power and goodness you confide;
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span, 880
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,

I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence
From instant fate, and can so far dispense :
But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death ; 885
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates, you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes :
And what if that request your tongue denies
Your heart shou'd grant ; and not a short reprieve, 890
But length of certain life to Turnus give ?
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth.
Which, O ! I wish might err thro' causeless fears,
And you (for you have pow'r) prolong his years. 895

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd a spectre soon she made, 900
And what Æneas was such seem'd the shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plummy crest he wore ;
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield ; 905

With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground,
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)

The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare, 910

And flourishes his empty sword in air:

At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear,

The phantom wheel'd and seem'd to fly for fear.

Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,

And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed. 915

Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,

Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud;)

Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me

The fated land you sought so long by sea.

He said, and brandishing at once his blade, 920

With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.

By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,

Which from old Clusium king Ofinius bore:

The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;

For shelter there the trembling shadow bent, 925

And skip'd, and sculk'd, and under hatches went.

Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste

Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd:

Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand

The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land. 930

With wind in poop the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Mean time Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud, 935
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame; 940
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast:
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne, 945
How, and with what reproach shall I return?
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief: 950
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly. 954

Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, O ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve,
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more:
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame, 960
Lest she shou'd follow and my flight proclaim.

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd;
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea took place;
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace. 965
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno mov'd with pity both withstood,
And thrice repress'd his rage: strong gales supply'd,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide. 971
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Mean time, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd;
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd 975
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire

Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone, 980

All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.

He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,

To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,

From his proud summit looking down, disdains

Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains. 985

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,

Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled;

At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,

His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.

But Palmus from behind receives his wound, 990

Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground;

His crest and armour from his body torn,

Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn,

Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he slew;

Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew; 995

Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,

The queen produc'd young Paris to his fire.

But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,

Unthinking Mymus on the Latian plain.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred, 1000

With forest mast and fatning marshes fed,

When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd

By huntsmen, and their eager hounds oppos'd,

He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war :

'Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar ; 1005

All keep aloof and safely shout around,

But none presumes to give a nearer wound.

He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,

And shakes a grove of lances from his side :

Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd 1010

And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd ;

Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,

And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,

Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate

[night.

Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride, 1016

Proud of the purple favours of his bride.

Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds

A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,

Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain ; 1020

He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane ;

He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,

The prey lies panting underneath his paws ;

He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er

With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore :

So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes, 1026

And first unhappy Acron overthrows ;

Stretch'd at his length he spurns the swarthy ground;
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the
[wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd 1030
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd;
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground:
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace. 1035
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd;
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries,
Lo, here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Iö Pæan ring, 1040
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophes'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain,
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain. 1045
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd,
For what belongs to me let Jove provide;
But die thou first whatever chance ensue:
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.
A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight, 1050
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cadicus, Alcathous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield;
He and Parthenius were by Rapo kill'd. 1055
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew:
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master as he made a bound,
The chief alighting stuck him to the ground. 1060
Then Clonius hand to hand on foot assails,
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame, 1065
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronius sent;
But the same fate the victor underwent,
Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw 1069
The flying dart and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance;
Victors and vanquish'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.

The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife, 1075
And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest two goddesses appear

Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:

Amidst the crowd infernal Atë shakes

Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes. 1080

Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain;

Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood,

When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves, 1085

His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves:

Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,

Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,

And dauntless undertook the doubtful war. 1090

Collected in his strength, and like a rock,

Poiz'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.

He stood, and measuring first with careful eyes

The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries:

My strong right hand and sword assist my stroke;

(Those only, gods, Mezentius will invoke) 1069

His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,

By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.

He said, and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew, 1100
Reach'd the celestial shield that stopp'd the course;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far, 1105
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
Till tir'd with toils fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He casts to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies. 1110

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent,
The shield gave way: thro' treble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull hides which round the buckler roll'd;
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course, 1115
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd. 1120

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.

And here, heroick youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just;
 And sing an act so noble and so new, 1125
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useles for the fight,
 The father sought to save himself by flight:
 Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the spear along, 1129
 Which pierc'd his thigh and in his buckler hung.
 The pious youth, resolv'd on death below
 The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow. }
 Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield: 1135
 All fir'd with gen'rous indignation strive;
 And with a storm of darts at distance drive
 The Trojan chief; who held at bay from far,
 On his vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind, 1140
 The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
 For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
 But that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to travel and renew their toils: 1145

Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threatening
 [cry'd.] }

Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
 In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age, 1150
 Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
 Provokes the ling'ring prince: whose patience tir'd,
 Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.
 For now the fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears: 1156
 Which full descending, with a frightful sway;
 Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way, }
 And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
 The purple streams thro' the thin armour strove, 1160
 And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove:
 And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
 The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead; 1165
 He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
 Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.

Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
 Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
 To love so great, to such transcendent store 1170
 Of early worth, and sure preface of more!
 Accept whate'er Æneas can afford,
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
 And all that pleas'd thee living still remain
 Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain. 1175
 Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
 To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
 Or have a sense of human things below: }
 There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell. 1180
 With this his distant friends he beckons near,
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out
 [the wound.
 Mean time his father, now no father, stood, 1185
 And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant;
 A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain: 1190

A chosen train of youth around him stand,
His drooping head was rested on his hand;
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent, 1195
He much enquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground. 1200

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind:
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;
Last the dear corps embracing, thus he said. 1205
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost? 1210
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name. 1215

Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:

I ow'd my people these; and from their hate,
With less resentment cou'd have borne my fate.

And yet I live, and yet sustain the fight 1220
Of hated men, and of more hated light;

But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound.

Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd: 1225

Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did
[drefs,

With daily care, and mounted with success;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace. }

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke. 1230

O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me,
(If life and long were terms that cou'd agree)

This day thou either shalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;

This day thou either shalt revenge my woe 1235
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;

Or if inexorable fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
For after such a lord, I rest secure, 1239
Thou wilt no foreign reins or Trojan load endure.
He said; and straight th' officious courser kneels
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed jav'lins; on his head he lac'd
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar; 1245
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes and rag'd within his breast. 1250
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name:
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear, 1255
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus. Thy vaunts are vain,
My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
He's lost! thy conquest is already won,
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son. 1260

Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
Forbear thy threats, my bus'ness is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy.

He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent;
Another after, and another went:

Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield:

Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood

The strokes, and bore about an iron wood. 1270

Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone;

To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd, and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight:

At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force, 1275
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.

Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.

Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpriz'd with fright,
The wonted steed curvets; and, rais'd upright, 1280

Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.

Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horse came after with unwieldy weight;

And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head, 1285
His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.

Æneas haft'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word : 1290
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies :
Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted and secure of death? 1296

'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory :
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design :
As I had us'd my fortune use thou thine. 1300

My dying son contracted no such band ;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuse it not ; but let my body have 1305
The last retreat of human kind, a grave.

Too well I know th' insulting people's hate ;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate :

This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side : 1310 }
He said, and to the sword his throat apply'd.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.



THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

***Æ**NEAS erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezen-
tius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and
sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity.
Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to
Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus
and Drances: In the mean time there is a sharp en-
gagement of the horse, wherein Camilla signalizes her-
self; is killed; and the Latine troops are entirely
defeated.*

The Eleventh Book

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows; 5
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs,
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd;
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked shag in triumph borne, 10
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A trophy sacred to the god of war:
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plummy crest besmear'd with blood;

His brazen buckler on the left was seen, 15
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd,
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man;
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began: 20
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success;
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies, 25
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance,
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance: 30
And I, at heav'n's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Mean time the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow, 35
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought.

But first the corps of our unhappy friend
To the sad city of Evander send : 40
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom,
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay :
Accetes watch'd the corps; whose youth deserv'd 45
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care :
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.

A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair. 50

Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry,
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky :

They rear his drooping forehead from the ground ;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound

Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore, 55

And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore ;

First, melting into tears, the pious man

Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

Unhappy youth ! when fortune gave the rest

Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best ! 60

She came ; but brought not thee along, to bless

My longing eyes, and share in my success :

She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosp'rous valour, in the publick view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent 65
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold: 70
And now, perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathless body, which can owe 75
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care. 80
And yet, unhappy fire, thou shalt not see
A son whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd;
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd:
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late, 85
Thou had'st not liv'd to see his shameful fate.

But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground; 90
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief;
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier, 95
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear;
The body on this rural horse is borne,
Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r: 100
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.
Then two fair vests, of wond'rous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought, 105
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest array'd the corps, and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head;
That when the yellow hair in flame shou'd fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110

Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain
When he descended on the Latian plain;
Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led
In long array, (th' achievements of the dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear 115
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear;
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne,
Gantlets and helms their loaded hands adorn; 120
And fair inscription's fix'd, and titles read,
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Acœtes on his pupil's corps attends
With feeble steps, supported by his friends;
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd, 125
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state, 131
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait;
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.

The lance of Pallas and the crimson crest 135

Are borne behind; the victor seiz'd the rest.

The march begins: The trumpets hoarsly sound,

The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse,

To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course, 140

In long procession rank'd; the pious chief

Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief:

The publick care, he said, which war attends,

Diverts our present woes, at least suspends;

Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell; 145

Hail, holy relicks, and a last farewell!

He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,

Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand

A truce, with olive branches in their hand; 150

Obtest his clemency, and from the plain

Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain:

They plead, that none those common rites deny

To conquer'd foes that in fair battle die;

All cause of hate was ended in their death, 155

Nor cou'd he war with bodies void of breath.

A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request;

Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd: 160
O Latian princes, how severe a fate
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state!
And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who fought your friendship ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give; 165
Not only for the slain but those who live.
I came not hither but by heav'n's command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian land:
Nor wage I wars unjust; your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride: 170
Left me for Turnus; Turnus then should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute: the slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend; 175
And let him vanquish whom his fates befriend:
This is the way, so tell him, to possess
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
Bear this my message back; with ample leave
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive. 180
Thus having said, th' ambassadors, amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:

Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man, 185
With graceful action bowing, thus began.

Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame:
Wou'd I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are less: 190
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian state:
If wish'd success our labour shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command, 195
And seek alliance in some other land;
Build you the city which your fates assign,
We shall be proud in the great work to join.
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made. 200
Twelve days the term allow'd; and during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare,
To fell the timber and forget the war.
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound, 205
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar spread the ground:

Firs fall from high ; and some the trunks receive
In loaded wains, with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town, 210
Of Pallas slain : by Fame, which just before
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate the people stand,
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand ;
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze : 215
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That cast a fullen splendor on their friends,
(The marching troop which their dread prince at-
[tends.]

Both parties meet : they raise a doleful cry ;
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply, 220
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky. }
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears :
Forgetful of his state, he runs along
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng ; 225
Falls on the corps, and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief that speaks but at his eyes ;
Short sighs and sobs succeed ; till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

O, Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word! 230
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war! 235
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war,
Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed, 240
Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon. 245
If, from my league against th' Ausonian state,
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid, 250
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.

Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least he led the way to victory: 255
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before: }
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave,
Content with those the Trojan hero gave. 260
That fun'ral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd:
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear;
Then let thy own atchievements be thy share.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood, 265
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood;
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
These troops to view the tears thou shed'st in vain!
Go, friend, this message to your lord relate; 271
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death live ling'ring on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus; whose devoted head 275
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.

Joy is no more: but I would gladly go
To greet my Pallas with such news below. 280

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
Restoring toils when she restor'd the light:

The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
To raise the piles along the winding strand: 284

Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires;
Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood.

[expires;

The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day

[retires.]

Then thrice around the kindled piles they go,
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led, 290

And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead;
Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground,
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.

Amid the blaze their pious brethren throw

The spoils, in battle taken from the foe; 295

Helms, bitts emboss'd, and swords of shining steel,

One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel;

Some to their fellows their own arms restore,

The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore:

Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain; 301

Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burn-
[ing friends.

Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night 306
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part in the places where they fell are laid, 310
And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd;
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
Born off in state, are bury'd in the town:
The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame. 315

Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires. }

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night; 320
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain:

They rake the yet warm ashes from below ;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow :
These relicks with their country rites they grace,
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place. 326
But in the palace of the king appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans ;
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons. 330
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly fought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought !
These are the crimes with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim. 336
Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand :
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve ;
'Tis just, the sway he seeks he should deserve. 340
This Drances aggravates ; and adds, with spite,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party to support
His cause and credit in the Latian court :
His former acts secure his present fame, 345
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn,
 The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
 Sad news they bring, that after all the cost,
 And care employ'd, their embassy is lost: 350

That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
 Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.
 Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,
 Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late 355
 A foreign son is pointed out by fate:

And till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
 The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.

The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
 When late their titles in the field were try'd: 360

Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears un-

[dry'd.]

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
 The Latian senate to the council hall:

The princes come, commanded by their head,
 And crowd the paths that to the palace lead. 365

Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his years,

He takes the throne, and in the midst appears:

Majestically sad, he sits in state,

And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound 370
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.

We have, said he, perform'd your high command,
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land :
We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld. 375
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city which Argyripa he calls,
From his own Argos nam'd : we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.

When introduc'd, our presents first we bring, 380
Then crave an instant audience from the king :
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
And tell th' important cause for which we came.

Attentively he heard us while we spoke ;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look, 385
Made this return. Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd mind possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest ?

Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword, 390
(A needless ill your ancestors abhor'd.)

We, (for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came ;)

Omitting those who were in battle slain,
 Or borne by rolling Simois to the main : 395
 Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
 The prize of honour which in arms he fought.
 Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,
 Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n :
 So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew, 400
 As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
 Witness the vessels by Minerva tofs'd
 In storms, the vengeful Capharæan coast ;
 The Eubæan rocks : the prince, whose brother led
 Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, 405
 In Egypt lost ; Ulysses, with his men,
 Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den :
 Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain,
 Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again ?
 Or young Achilles, by his rival slain ? 410
 Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
 Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
 The proud revenger of another's wife,
 Yet by his own adult'refs lost his life :
 Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy 415
 The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
 The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
 My much-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife :

Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly: 420
Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms, 425
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my cost; 435
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd:
Heav'ns what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might;
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight: 440
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.

The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand; 445

Both brave alike, and equal in command:

Æneas not inferior in the field,

In pious rev'rence to the gods excell'd.

Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care

Th' impending dangers of a fatal war. 450

He said no more; but with this cold excuse,

Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.

Thus Venulus concluded his report.

A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:

As when a torrent rolls with rapid force, 455

And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;

The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,

Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;

White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;

The rocky shores re-bellow to the sound. 460

The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne

The king invoc'd the gods, and thus begun:

I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate

Had been resolv'd before it was too late;

Much better had it been for you and me, 465

Unforc'd by this our last necessity,

To have been earlier wise; than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O, citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heav'n's peculiar care, 470
But heav'n's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain, 475
You see too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by Fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts: 480
With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms engag'd:
You see th' event — Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd 485
Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till;
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill:
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojan shall command; 490

Call'd it to part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country share.

There let them build, and settle if they please;
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
In search of seats remote of Italy; 495

And from unwelcome inmates set us free.

Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;

Materials are at hand: a well grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood: 500

Let them the number, and the form assign;
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.

To treat the peace a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs; 504

With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair;
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs }
[wear;

And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate

This great affair, and save the sinking state.

Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd long

[since,

The rising glories of the Daunian prince. 511

Factionous and rich, bold at the council board,
But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne, 515
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

Such truths, O king, said he, your words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain; 520
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require; but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this inauspicious war began;
For whose ambition (let me dare to say, 525
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears. 530
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send 535
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;

Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride;
With that alliance let the league be ty'd; 540
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right bestow your own.
For this maligner of the gen'ral good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd: 545
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state, 550
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain. 555
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate; 560
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.

Your int'rest is the war should never cease ;

But we have felt enough to wish the peace :

A land exhausted to the last remains,

Depopulated towns, and driven plains.

565

Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,

A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,

So fire your mind, in arms assert your right ;

And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.

Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone ;

570

We, but the slaves who mount you to a throne :

A base ignoble crowd, without a name :

Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame :

By duty bound to forfeit each his life,

That Turnus may possess a royal wife.

575

Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew

Shou'd share such triumphs ; and detain from you

The post of honour, your undoubted due :

Rather alone your matchless force employ ;

To merit, what alone you must enjoy.

580

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,

Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.

Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,

He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.

You, Drances, never want a stream of words,

Then, when the public need requires our swords.

First in the council-hall to steer the state;
 And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow: 590
 But let the potent orator declaim,
 And with the brand of coward blot my name;
 Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand
 Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand: }
 And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand. 595
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,
 Let us decide it at the Trojan's cost:
 And issue both a-breast, where honour calls;
 Foes are not far to seek without the walls.
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight; 600
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.
 I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies: 605
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main:
 All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
 The giant brothers, in their camp, have found; 610
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.

Not such the Trojans try'd me, when inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd;
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array; 614
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.

'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.

Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears

With false reports, their minds with panick fears:

Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race, 620

Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.

Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town

Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:

Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;

And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies. 625

Say rapid Aufidus, with awful dread,

Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,

When the great Trojan on his bank appears:

For that's as true as thy dissembled fears

Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity, 630

Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.

Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:

The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

Now, royal father, to the present state

Of our affairs, and of this high debate; 635

If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low,
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat, 640
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins;
That man wou'd I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast: 645
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confed'rates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought, 650
And not a bloodless victory was bought:
Their losses equal'd ours; and for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
Why thus, unforc'd, shou'd we so tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field? 555
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

If Diomede refuse his aid to lend, 660
The great Meffapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs:
Nor leaft in number, nor in name the laft,
Your own brave fubjects have our caufe embrac'd. 665
Above the reft, the Volfcian Amazon
Contains an army in herfelf alone;
And heads a fquadron, terrible to fight,
With glitt'ring fhields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a fingle fight demand, 670
And I alone the public peace withftand;
If you confent, he fhall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fatal armour, and Vulcanian fhield; 675
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the leaft of all my name,
Devote my foul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will anfwer his demand.
Drances fhall reft fecure, and neither fhare 680
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.

While they debate; nor thefe nor thofe will yield;
Æneas draws his forces to the field;

And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
 Return, and through the frighted city spread 685
 Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are deserv'd
 In battle marching by the river's side;
 And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
 Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
 Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field; 690
 They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield;
 The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
 Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
 A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky. }
 Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods; 695
 Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
 Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
 Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:
 Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls;
 And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls. 700
 He said, and turning short with speedy pace,
 Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
 To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
 Messapus, and Catillus, post your force 705
 Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
 Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
 Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown. 710
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gath'ring storm, just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime:
Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd 715
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.
A sad procession in the streets is seen, 721
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
With down-cast eyes appears the fatal bride. 724
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands;
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;
Then in this common supplication join.
O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid: 730
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.

Now Turnus arms for fight; his back and breast,
Well-temper'd steel, and scaly brags invest:
The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold, 735
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion fits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
But bare to view amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends. 740
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds, 745
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds:
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane: 750
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His last commands. Then with a grateful mien, 755
Lights from her lofty steed, the warrior queen:

Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common fate Camilla thus commends.
If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure, 760
Can promise ought; or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown; 765
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes;
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply! 770
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast,
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan, (not in stratagem unskill'd,) 775
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
Himself, thro' steep ascents, and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm; and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare: 780

With chosen foot his passage to forelay,
And place an ambush in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:
The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce,
With those of Tibur; and the Latian band: 785
Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns Messapus to the war:
Then ev'ry chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs. 790
Inclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise;
A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands: 795
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground com-
[mands.

The top is level: an offensive feat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress: 800
To drive 'em headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony show'r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way;
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies, 805
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.
Then with a sigh began: Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes. 810
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away 815
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway;
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound, 820
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains; 825
The raging flood his farther flight restrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains. }

Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears :

Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.

Anxious he stops a while; and thinks in haste; 830

Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.

A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;

The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:

He clos'd the child within the hollow space;

With twigs of bending osier bound the case. 835

Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight;

And thus invoc'd my favour for the freight.

Accept, great goddess of the woods, he said,

Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid:

Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine; 840

And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.

He said; and with full force the spear he threw;

Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.

Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide;

And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side. 845

His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground;

And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.

Nor after that, in towns which walls inclose,

Wou'd trust his hunted life amidst his foes;

But rough, in open air he chose to lie: 850

Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.

On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led :
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed ; 855
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon cou'd scarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow :
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand : 861
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound ;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head. 865
The flying dart she first attempts to fling ;
And round her tender temples tofs'd the sling :
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan ;
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the
[crane. }
The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd, 871
To bless their rival sons with such a bride :
But she disdains their love ; to share with me
The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.

And oh! I wish, contented with my cares 875
 Of savage spoils, she had not fought the wars:
 Then had she been of my celestial train;
 And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
 But since, opposing heav'ns decree, she goes
 To find her death among forbidden foes; 880
 Haste with these arms, and take thy speedy flight,
 Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight:
 This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,
 This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
 By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain, 885
 Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
 Then in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,
 To bear the breathless body of my maid:
 Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprophan'd 890
 Her holy limbs with any human hand:
 And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
 She said: the faithful nymph descends from
 [high
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body
 fly. 896
 By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
 Drawn up in squadrons with united force,

Approach the walls ; the sprightly coursers bound ;
Press forward on their bitts, and shift their ground :
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far ;
And the fields glitter with a waving war. 901

Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse ;
These in the body plac'd ; on either hand
Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band. 905

Advancing in a line, they couch their spears ;
And less and less the middle space appears.

Thick smoke obscures the field ; and scarce are seen
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.

In distance of their darts they stop their course ; 910
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.

The face of heav'n their flying jav'lines hide ;
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.

Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full career, 915

Meet first oppos'd ; and, with a mighty shock,
Their horses heads against each other knock.

Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast ;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast :
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last. 920 }

The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright;
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in
[flight.

Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase; 925
Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear, and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore; 930
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the sand:
Then backward with a swing they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-
[sea:

With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore; 935
And swallow back the sand, and stones they spew'd
[before.

Twice were the Tuscans master of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man: 940
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:

Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie :

Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.

Orfilochus, who durst not press too near 945

Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear ;

And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.

The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,

Curvets, and springing upward with a bound,

His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground. 950

Catillus pierc'd Iolas first ; then drew

His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw :

The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.

His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,

But shaded with a length of yellow hair : 955

Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,

A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart :

Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound ;

Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd ;

And death with honour, fought on either side. 961

Resistless thro' the war, Camilla rode ;

In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.

One side was bare for her exerted breast ;

One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd. 965

Now from afar her fatal jav'lines play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground;
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side, 971
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old, 975
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled: 980
With such, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty carr:
They clash with manly force their moony shields:
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid, 985
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd;
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground. 990

Lyris and Pegasus at once she slew;
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew
Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand, 995
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain;
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun. 1000
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed;
Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown; 1005
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong;
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
Him soon she singled from the flying train, 1011
And slew with ease: then thus insults the slain.
Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?

Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory; 1015
 A woman warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.
 Then Butes, and Orsilochus she slew,
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew. 1020
 But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends. }
 Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply,
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly. 1025
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
 Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
 She swings her ax, and rises at the blow:
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway 1030
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
 Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
 To see his fall, nor farther dares advance: 1035
 But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.
 Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)

Cries out aloud, what courage have you shown, 1040
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man. 1045
He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain;
And leaves her horse at large among her train. }
With her drawn sword defies him to the field;
And marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield. 1050
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
Vain fool, and coward, said the lofty maid, 1055
Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious fire. 1060
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:

Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.

Not with more ease the falcon from above, 1065

Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove :

Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound ;

The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the
[ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,

With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight. 1070

He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain ;

And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.

Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,

And these encourages, and those he chides :

Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight ; 1075

Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.

What panic fear has seiz'd your souls ? O shame,

O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name ;

Cowards, incurable ! a woman's hand

Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band ! 1080

Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield :

What use of weapons which you dare not wield ?

Not thus you fly your female foes, by night,

Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite :

When to fat off'rings the glad augur calls ; 1085

And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.

These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:

Swift to debauch; but slow to manly fight.

Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes;

Not managing the life he meant to lose. 1090

The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,

In his strong gripe; and clasp'd around the waist:

'Twas Venulus; whom from his horse he tore,

And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.

Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn their eyes, 1095

And view th' unusual fight with vast surprize.

The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,

Prefs'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains:

Then with his shorten'd spear, explores around

His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound. 1100

Nor less the captive struggles for his life:

He writhes his body to prolong the strife;

And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts

His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high, 1105

And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky;

Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey,

The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way;

Resists the royal hawk, and tho' oppress,

She fights in volumes, and erects her crest. 1110

Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale;
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-
['ning tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores; 1115
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success. 1120

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unesp'y'd, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends;
And wherefoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase, 1125
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest

With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er: 1135

A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.

With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;

Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:

A golden helm his front and head surrounds;

A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds. 1140

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore;

With flowers of needle work distinguish'd o'er:

With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.

Him, the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,

Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize: 1145

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,

Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:

Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,

And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the sly traitor chose: 1150

Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,

And threw; but first to heav'n address'd his vows.

O patron of Soractes' high abodes,

Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods;

Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine; 1156

By thee protected, with our naked souls,

Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled

[coals:

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day: 1160
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome;
And from the field return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and granting half his pray'r, 1165
Shuffled in winds the rest, and tofs'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
By southern tempests to the seas is born.

Now, when the jav'lin whiz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes, 1170
Directed by the sound: of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 1175
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys:
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow; 1181
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

En. II. V. 3 p. 160.



J. Collyer sculp.



As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side;
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1189
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs;
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands: 1190
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom of her female train 1195
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed: 1200
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewel! and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein; 1204
Short, and more short, she pants; by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.

She drops her sword, she nods her plummy crest;
 Her drooping head declining on her breast;
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires, 1209
 And murm'ring with disdain to Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
 Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
 The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
 Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar 1215
 Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
 Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
 Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
 And round her corps, of friends and foes a fight-
 ing train: }

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew 1220
 A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
 Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
 Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
 Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life. 1225
 Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
 Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
 Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
 But after ages shall thy praise record.

Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain; 1230

Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain.

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;

Where in a marble tomb Dercennus lay, 1235

A king that once in Latium bore the sway.

The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,

To mark the traitor Aruns from the height;

Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,

Sworn with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:

Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late; 1240

Turn, like a man at length, and meet thy fate.

Charg'd with my message to Camilla go,

And say I sent thee to the shades below;

An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow. }

She said; and from her quiver chose with speed

The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed: 1246

Then to the stubborn eugh her strength apply'd,

Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side;

The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew,

Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. 1250

At once the twanging bow, and sounding dart,

The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.

Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,

His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.

The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings, 1255

The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;

And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.

The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,

More on their speed than on their strength rely. 1260

Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down;

And spur their horses headlong to the town.

Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,

Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.

These drop the shield, and those the lance forego; 1265

Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.

The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,

Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten ground;

Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,

And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly. 1270

The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,

Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursu'd,

Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.

Some happy few escape: the throng too late 1275

Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.

Ev'n in the fight of home, the wretched sire

Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.

Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close :
But leave their friends excluded with their foes. 1280
The vanquish'd cry ; the victors loudly shout ;
'Tis terror all within ; and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair, 1285
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share :
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd ;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw ;
With imitated darts to gall the foe. 1290
Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath ;
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Mean time to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd, 1295
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on :
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require,) 1300
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain :

Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Thro' the black forest, and the ferny brake, 1305
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain descend;
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Not far the distance of the space between. 1310
Both to the city bend. Æneas sees,
Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies:
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd; 1315
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night with sable wings involves the sky.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

TURNUS challenges Æneas to a single combat :
articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli,
who wound Æneas : he is miraculously cur'd by Venus ;
forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with
his death.

The Twelfth Book

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage
[quell'd;

Himself become the mark of publick spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd, 5
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate,
And rais'd his haughty soul to meet his fate.

As when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a four retreat, nor mends his pace: 10
But if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride;
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:

So Turnus fares, his eye-balls flash with fire, 15
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began.

No more excuses or delays: I stand

In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,

This base deserter of his native land.

20 }

The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take

The same conditions which himself did make.

Renew the truce, the solem rites prepare,

And to my single virtue trust the war.

25

The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;

This arm unaided shall assert your right:

Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,

To him the crown, and beauteous bride remain.

To whom the king sedately thus reply'd:

30

Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,

The more becomes it us with due respect

To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.

You want not wealth, or a successive throne,

Or cities, which your arms have made your own; 35

My towns and treasures are at your command;

And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:

Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,

Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear, 40
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear :
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne: 45
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who wou'd not be deny'd, 50
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride :
Her from her plighted lord by force I took ;
All ties of treaties, and of honour broke :
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what success 'tis needless to declare ; 55
I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share. }
Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive ;
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore ;
The bones of Latians glance the neighb'ring shore: 60
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?

If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should not I procure it whilst you live?
Shou'd I to doubtful arms your youth betray, 65
What wou'd my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And should you fall in fight, (which heav'n defend)
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend? }
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war; 70
Pity your parent's age, and ease his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth disdain'd the relief,
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief: 75
Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days,
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize; 80
And the blood follows where the weapon flies;
His goddess mother is not near, to shrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife, 85
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath.

O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears;
 And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope, 90
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
 Since on the safety of thy life alone
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne,
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
 To wave the combat, and pursue the war. 95
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
 Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
 I cannot live a slave; or see my throne
 Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed; 100
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
 Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red. }
 The driving colours, never at a stay,
 Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful change! thus Indian iv'ry shows, 105
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows; }
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
 The lover gaz'd, and burning with desire,
 The more he look'd the more he fed the fire:
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spight, 110
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies :
O mother, do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war. 115
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree.

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues ;
Go, greet the Trojans with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light 120
Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight :
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore :
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride. 125

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace.
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach they toss their heads on high,
And proudly neighing, promise victory.
The fires of these Orithia sent from far * 130
To grace Pilumnus when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.

Officious grooms stand ready by his side; 134
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth
[their pride.] }

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful fauchion to his side. 140
In his Æmean forge the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's fire:
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore, 145
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus tofs'd in vain, 150
Fail not this day thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest:
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizled hair to soil, 155
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's fight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight: 160
He tries his goring horns against a tree;
And meditates his absent enemy:
He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms, 165
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares,
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars.
To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates
What heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the
[fates. 170

Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn' ensuing from the mountains height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal courfers bounding from the sea, 175
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day:
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.

Beneath the walls they measure out the space, 179
Then sacred altars rear on sods of grass;
Where, with religious rites, their common gods
[they place.]

In purest white the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear. 185

In order issuing from the town appears
The Latian legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing fight: 190
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus born of seed divine. 195

The sign is giv'n, and round the list'd space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the fight, a num'rous throng 200
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,

Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Mean time the queen of heav'n beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano, by succeeding fame, 206
But then an empty hill, without a name.)

She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.

Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake, 210

With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;

King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,

Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,

Compress'd by force, but by the grateful god,

Now made the Naïs of the neighb'ring flood. 215

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,

O most renown'd, and most lov'd by me,

Long hast thou known, nor need I to record

The wanton fallies of my wand'ring lord:

Of ev'ry Latian fair, whom Jove misled. 220

To mount by stealth my violated bed,

To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;

But give a part of heav'n, and an unenvy'd place.

Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,

Nor think my wishes want to thy relief. 225

While fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king deny'd,
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state;
But now he struggles with unequal fate;
And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in

[might, 230

To meet inevitable death in fight:

Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
[fight.]

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd, 135
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus; thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may pro-
[duce? 240

'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.
She said, and sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear: 245
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;

Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
 To mark his lineage from the god of day.
 Two snowy courfers Turnus' chariot yoke,
 And in his hand two massy spears he shook. 250
 Then issu'd from the camp, in arms divine,
 Æneas, author of the Roman line :
 And by his side Ascanius took his place,
 The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
 Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears ; 255
 And off'rings to the flaming altars bears ;
 A porket, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears. }
 Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
 And shews the beasts design'd for sacrifice,
 With salt, and meal : with like officious care 260
 He marks the foreheads, and he clips their hair ;
 Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,
 With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.
 Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
 And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd. 265
 All-seeing sun, and thou Ausonian soil,
 For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
 Thou king of heav'n, and thou the queen of air,
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r,)
 Thou god of war, whose unresisted sway 270
 The labours and events of arms obey ;





Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: If I fall in field,
Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield, 275
My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce the Ausonian crown;
All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juster arms prevail in fight, 280
As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign;
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary gods. 285
The care of those religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I resign;
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
For me my friends another town shall frame, 290
And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar stands.
By the same heav'n, said he, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs that all the three contain; 295

By hell below, and by that upper god,
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his
 [nod;

So let Latona's double offspring hear,
 And double-fronted Janus what I swear :
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames, 300
 And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names :
 Whatever chance befall on either side,
 No term of time this union shall divide :
 No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
 Or shake the stedfast tenour of my mind : 305
 Not though the circling seas shou'd break their bound,
 O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground ;
 Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake :
 Ev'n as this royal sceptre, (for he bore 310
 A scepter in his hand) shall never more
 Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth ;
 (An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
 By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
 And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear.) 315

When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
 With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
 All dues perform'd which holy rites require,
 The victim beasts are slain before the fire ;

The trembling entrails from their bodies torn, 320
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.

First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud. 325

Now side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions bulk, their sinews and their size:

The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.

Turnus himself appears in public fight 330
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.

Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:

And while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears. 335

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,

When their short sighs, and thickning sobs she heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd,

Dissembling her immortal form, she took 340
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,

A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.

His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And humouring their first motions, thus began. 345

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band, 350
And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life: 355
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd, 360
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.

With words like these she carry'd her design;
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd: 265
Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage :
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes, 370
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprize.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove :
A plump of fowl he spies that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes ; 375
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons trufs'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight ;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew ; 380
And with united force the foe pursue :
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course ;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force : 385
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey ;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the fight ;
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts, 390
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts :

At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
 This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
 Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey:
 Advance, my friends, and charge, I lead the way. 395
 These are the foreign foes whose impious band,
 Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
 By strength united, and forego the prey;
 Your timely succour to your country bring; 400
 Haste to the rescue; and redeem your king.

He said: and pressing onward thro' the crew,
 Pois'd in his lifted arm his lance he threw;
 The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd. 405
 At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
 At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
 Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
 Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood;
 Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew, 410
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
 A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
 Just where the belt was to the body bound,
 And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground. }
 Then fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train 415
 Run madly forward to revenge the slain.

And some with eager haste their jav'lines throw;

And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace,
And meet their ardour in the middle space. 420

The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,

With equal courage obviate their design.

Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate

Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd, 425

The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.

Thick storms of steel from either army fly,

And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:

Brands from the fire are missive weapons made;

With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade. 530

Latinus frighted, hastens from the fray,

And bears his unregarded gods away.

These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;

The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the
[war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace, 435

Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting press,

At king Aulestes; by his purple known

A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;

And with a shock encount'ring, bore him down. }

Backward he fell ; and as his fate design'd, 440

The ruins of an altar were behind :

There pitching on his shoulders and his head,

Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.

The beamy spear, descending from above,

His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove. 445

Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries,

The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.

Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead

Of his rich armour, and uncrown his head.

Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand, 450

From his own altar, with a blazing brand :

And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace

Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face ;

His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,

The crackling crop a noisom scent expires : 455

Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown

With his left hand, his other cast him down ;

The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,

And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursu'd 460

The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying crowd,

Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,

Full on the front of his unwary foe :

The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continu'd wound; 465
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms
[around.] }

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands, 470
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human sanctions, and by laws divine, 475
The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe. 480

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince;
But whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god was found, 485
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train :
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
 At once his arms and courfers he requires : 490

Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
 He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
 He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
 These his lance reaches, over those he rolls 495

His rapid car, and crushes out their souls :
 In vain the vanquish'd fly ; the victor sends
 The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
 The god of battles, in his angry mood, 500
 Clashing his sword against the brazen shield,
 Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field :
 Before the wind his fiery courfers fly,
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
 Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair, 505
 Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car ;
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war. }

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
 Exulting Turnus flies along the plain :
 His smoking horses, at their utmost speed, 510
 He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.

Their fetlocks run with blood ; and when they bound,
The gore, and gath'ring dust, are dash'd around.

Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar : 515

From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew ;
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd ;
Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.

Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field, 520
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.

This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name,
But emulated more his father's fame.

His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry : 525

Hard enterprize, and well he might require
Achilles' car and horses for his hire ;
But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompence.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar ; 530
And lanch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car :

Then lightly leaping down, pursu'd the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.

Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
 And measure at thy length our Latian plains.
 Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
 Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the
 [land.

Then Daris, Butys, Sybaris he slew, 540
 Whom o'er his neck the flound'ring courser threw.
 As when loud Boreas with his blust'ring train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
 Where-e'er he flies he drives the rack before,
 And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore : 545
 So where resistless Turnus takes his course,
 The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force :
 His crest of horses hair is blown behind,
 By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain, 550
 And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
 Light from the ground he leap'd, and seiz'd the
 [rein.]

Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold ;
 The coursers frighted, and their course control'd.
 The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung, 555
 And pierc'd his plated arms ; but pass'd along
 And only raz'd the skin : he turn'd, and held
 Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield ;

Then call'd for aid : but while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain. 560
He lies revers'd ; the victor-king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head : The Latian fields are drunk
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field : 566
Strong Mnestheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Ascanius weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent : scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. 570
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay, 575
He begs ; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow : 580

The pious youth, more studious how to save
 His aged fire, now sinking to the grave,
 Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise
 Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood, 585
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
 The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound;
 With gentle touches he performs his part,
 This way and that soliciting the dart, 590
 And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
 These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain. 595
 Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
 The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Mean time the war approaches to the tents:
 Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
 The driving dust proclaims the danger near, 600
 And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
 Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
 The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
 The hissing shafts within the trench alight:

An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky, 605
 The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those
 [who die.

But now the goddess's mother, mov'd with grief,
 And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
 A branch of healing Dittany she brought,
 Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought: 610
 Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
 The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple
 [crown'd:

Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
 To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
 This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews 615
 Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dews,
 And od'rous Panacee: unseen she stands,
 Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands;
 And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
 With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the
 [wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art, 621
 Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
 And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart. }
 Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
 The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands, 625

Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iâpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief renew'd to war. 631
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends; -
Some god preserves his life for greater ends. 635

The hero arms in haste: his hands infold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This grips the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes. 641
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,
And, kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun:
My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare: 645 }
But happier chance than mine attend thy care.
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:

Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth, 650
Assert thy birthright: and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.

He said; and, striding, issu'd on the plain;
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take, 655
And crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war: 660
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains,
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train, 665
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind rushing to the shore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees; 670
With such impetuous rage the prince appears
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.

And now both armies shock, in open field ;

Osyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.

Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain 675

(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train ;)

By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand :

The fatal augur falls, by whose command

The truce was broken, and whose lance, embu'd

With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd. 680

Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky ;

And o'er the field, the frighted Latins fly.

The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,

Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few :

Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain, 685

He seeks ; and to the combat calls in vain.

Juturna heard, and seiz'd with mortal fear,

Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer ;

Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien ;

And like Metiscus, in his seat is seen. 690

As the black swallow near the palace plies ;

O'er empty courts, and under arches flies ;

Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,

To furnish her loquacious nest with food :

So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains ; 695

The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.

She steers a various course among the foes ;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows :
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight. 700
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the croud,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud :
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot, but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears, 705
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What shou'd he do ! nor arts nor arms avail,
And various cares in vain his mind assail ;
The great Messapus thund'ring thro' the field,
In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held : 710
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour threw.
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore 715
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight ;
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field : 720

Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress :
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display 725
The various labours of that fatal day ?

What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd ?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd ;
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field ? 730
Jove, cou'dst thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Who leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite ! }

Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit the ground :
Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just, 736
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.

Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren flew :
First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw ;
Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd 740
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.

Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place ;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw ;
Whom without respite at one charge he slew : 745

Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest;
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus, two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent, 750
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus cou'd their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread. 755
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown, 760
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
The frightened sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry: 765
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their diff'rent ways; nor less destruction make.

With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them their dauntless men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground. 775

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore 780
His living load, his dying body tore.

His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle space: 785

The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:

So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.

Nor Cisseus cou'dst thou 'scape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band: 791

Nor to Cupentus cou'd his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword:

Which to his naked heart pursu'd the course :

Nor could his plated shield sustain the force. 795

Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,

Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,

Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his date :

But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate ;

In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held 800

Two palaces, and was from each expell'd :

Of all the mighty man, the last remains

A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite

In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight. 805

Seresthus, and undaunted Mnestheus, join

The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line :

Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads

The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.

They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space ;

Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace ; 811

And where one falls, another fills his place. }

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son

To leave the unfinished fight, and storm the town.

For while he rolls his eyes around the plain, 815

In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,

He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war :
Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the task he first design'd. 820
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs ; they leave the fight ;
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height :
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince : Hear and obey, 825
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare ;
The source of mischief, and the seat of war. 830
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie :
The people shall be slaves ; unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain ;
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain ? 836
Your force against the perjurd city bend ;
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd, our rightful arms requires ;
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires. 840

He finish'd; and one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear; 845
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now lanch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And stretching out to heav'n his pious hands, 850
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise; 855
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some wou'd exclude their foes, and some admit their
[friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along. 860

Thus when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;

To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try; 865
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown; 870
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain:
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.

Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear 875
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
She tears with both her hands her purple vest, 880
Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,
And to her dames, and to her daughter known;

The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair, 885
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of
[despair.]

The spreading rumour fills the publick place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face. 890

Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his publick, and his private woes:

With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And fordid dust deforms his silver hairs.

And much he blames the softness of his mind, 895

Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,

And soon reduc'd to change what he so well design'd.

To break the solemn league so long desir'd,

Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains, 900

And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.

His flying courfers please him less and less,

Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.

Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,

The distant cries come driving in the wind: 905

Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;

A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.

Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries?

What doleful clamours from the town arise?

Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins: 910

She, who the driver's office now sustains,

Replies: Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms;
There want not others to defend the wall,

If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall: 915

So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success.

To this, the prince: O sister, (for I knew
The peace infringing'd proceeded first from you,)

I knew you, when you mingled first in fight, 920

And now in vain you wou'd deceive my sight:

Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?

Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air?

Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,

And see your brother bleeding on the plain? 925

For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,

Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!

These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground,

Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.

I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath, 930

My name invoking to revenge his death:

Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place;

To shun the shameful fight of my disgrace.

On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;

His vest and armour are the victor's prize. 935

Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will insult, and point them to the fight!
Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below, 940
(Since those above so small compassion show)
Receive a soul unfully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.

He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came Sages urging on his foamy steed; 945
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas rolling on, 950
With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high; the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice. 955
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.

'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate, 960

With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate :

On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe ;

The more they kill, the greater numbers grow ;

An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. }

You, far aloof from your forsaken bands, 965

Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.

Stupid he fate, his eyes on earth declin'd,

And various cares revolving in his mind :

Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,

And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd ; 970

And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought :

And love by jealousy to madness wrought,

By slow degrees his reason drove away

The mists of passion, and reium'd her sway.

Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look ; 975

And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.

A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,

Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd :

And bridges laid above to join the space ;

And wheels below to roll from place to place. 980

Sister, the fates have vanquish'd ; let us go

The way which heav'n and my hard fortune show.]

The fight is fix'd ; nor shall the branded name

Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.

Death is my choice: but suffer me to try 985

My force, and vent my rage before I die.

He said, and leaping down without delay,

Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.

Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,

And left the grieving goddess far behind. 990

As when a fragment, from a mountain torn

By raging tempests, or by torrents born,

Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,

Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,

Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep; 995

Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep;

Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,

Stun'd with the shock they fall, and stun'd from earth

[rebound;

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,

Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.

Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew, 1001

Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous

[flew;

And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrew.

First, stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,

He cries aloud, to make the combat cease; 1005

Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;

The fight is mine, and me the gods require.

'Tis just that I shou'd vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state; 1010
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist;
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame 1014
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works, and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows, 1020
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their fight: 1025
Ev'n Death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.
In silent order either army stands;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight, 1030
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight;

Born under climes remote ; and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view ; and rushing on, begin the war. 1035
They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they meet ;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet :
Their bucklers clafh ; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance ; and both engage 1040
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's shades or on Taburnus' height ;
With horns adverse they meet : the keeper flies :
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes ; 1045
And wait th' event ; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year :
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return :
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood : 1050
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the wood.
Such was the combat in the list'd ground ;
So clafh their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam ; in either scale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055

On this side life, and lucky chance ascends :
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe :
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side, 1060
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight : disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand, an unknown hilt he spies. 1065
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste cou'd find. }
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held :
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand :
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field ; 1075
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the list surround ;
And there the pass is clos'd with pools of marshy
[ground.

Æneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace;
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase: 1080
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following still, where-e'er he steers: 1086
The persecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand: 1090
His eager foe determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear, 1095
He bites the wind and fills his sounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts and thunders in the skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince; and, flying, blames
His tardy troops; and calling by their names, 1100
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats

To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy :
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course 1105
With vigour, tho' diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already, round the list'd place,
One chief had fled, and t'other given the chace :
No trivial prize is play'd ; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife. 1110

Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god. }
Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd. 1115
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance ; 1119
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree ;
That whom his fainting limbs pursu'd in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid, 1124
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd
O, Faunus, pity ; and thou, mother earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth.

Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand
 Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
 Propitious hear my pious pray'r! He said, 1130
 Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.

Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd,
 But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.

Juturna took her time: and while in vain
 He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again; 1135

And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
 To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.

The queen of love, who with disdain and grief,
 Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;

T' assert her offspring with a greater deed, 1140
 From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
 One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance:
 And both resolv'd alike to try the fatal chance. }

Mean time imperial Jove to Juno spoke, 1145
 Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
 What new arrest, O queen of heav'n, is sent
 To stop the fates now lab'ring in th' event?

What further hopes are left thee to pursue?

Divine Æneas, (and thou know'st it too) 1150
 Free-doom'd to these celestial seats is due. }

What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade!
Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a god elect, 1155
A wound unworthy of our state to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before; 1159
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, doth Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload; 1165
Who should relieve the goddess but the god?
Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r: 1170
Toss'd on the seas thou cou'dst thy foes distress,
And driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
Deform the royal house; and from the side
Of the just bridegroom tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command. The Thund'rer said:
And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made. 1176

Because your dread decree too well I knew,
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew;
Else shou'd you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan; 1180
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life;
At least to try: But by the Stygian lake, 1185
(The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight. 1190
This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name;
Speak the same language which they spoke before;
Wear the same habits which their grandfires wore:
Call them not Trojans; perish the renown,
And name of Troy with that detested town. 1200

Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes.)

Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir, 1205

Such endless anger in her bosom bear?

Be mistress, and your full desires obtain:

But quench the choler you foment in vain.

From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung, 1209

Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.

The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,

I will, myself, their common rites provide;

The native shall command, the foreigners subside. }

All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:

And her lost sons forget from whence they came. 1215

From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,

Equal to gods, excelling all below.

No nation more respect to you shall pay,

Or greater off'rings on your altars lay.

Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires 1220

Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.

Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,

Three daughters at a birth were born to Night: 1225

These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air :
With serpents girt alike ; and crown'd with hissing
[hair.]

In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand, 1230
His ministers of wrath ; and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill :
When-e'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns, deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care, 1235
And terrifies the guilty world with war ;
One sister-plague of these from heav'n he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.

The pest comes whirling down : by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow, 1240
Or Cydon eugh ; when traversing the skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction
[flies.

With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view, 1245
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew :

Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
 Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings. 1250
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
 The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes. }
 A lazy chilnefs crept along his blood,
 Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood. 1255
 Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill omen by her screaming cry,
 And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
 Her beauteous breasts she beat, and rent her flowing
 [hair.
 Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife, 1260
 What can thy sister more to save thy life!
 Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
 In arms with that inexorable fiend!
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night! 1265
 The lashing of your wings I know too well:
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
 The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!

Did he for this exempt my life from fate? 1270

O hard conditions of immortal state!

Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,

But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go

Companion to my brother's ghost below! 1275

The joys are vanish'd; nothing now remains

Of life immortal but immortal pains.

What earth will open her devouring womb,

To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said, 1280

But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:

Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,

And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear

Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear: 1285

What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?

What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?

'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.

Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare 1290

What skill and courage can attempt in war:

Wish for the wings of wind to mount the sky ;
Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie.

The champion shook his head, and made this short

[reply.]

No threats of thine my manly mind can move : 1295

'Tis hostile heav'n I dread ; and partial Jove.

He said no more ; but with a sigh, repress'd

The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,

An antique stone he saw ; the common bound 1300

Of neighb'ring fields ; and barrier of the ground :

So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days,

Th' enormous weight from earth cou'd hardly raise.

He heav'd it at a lift ; and pois'd on high,

Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy. 1305

But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew

His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.

His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,

And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.

The stone drops from his arms ; and falling short,

For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort. 1311

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,

The sickly fancy labours in the night :

We seem to run ; and, destitute of force,

Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course : 1315

In vain we heave for breath ; in vain we cry :
 The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny ;
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die :
 So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
 All force of arms, and points of art employ'd, 1320
 The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour
 [void.]

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound :
 He star'd about ; nor aid nor issue found :
 His own men stop the pass ; and his own walls
 [surround.]

Once more he pauses ; and looks out again : 1325

And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.

Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,

And brandishing aloft the deadly lance :

Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,

Forgets to ward ; and waits the coming blow. 1330

Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,

Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
 The destin'd mark ; and rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. 1335

Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls ;

Or stones from batt'ring engines break the walls :

Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
 The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
 Nought cou'd his sev'n-fold shield the prince avail,
 Nor ought beneath his arms the coat of mail: 1341
 It pierc'd thro' all; and with a grizly wound,
 Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
 With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
 Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply. 1345

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
 With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd; }
 And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd.
 I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
 Use what the gods and thy good fortune give. 1350

Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
 (Thou hadst a father once; and hast a son:)
 Pity my fire, now sinking to the grave;
 And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
 Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death; 1355
 Give to my friends my body void of breath!

The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
 Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife;
 Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife. }

In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand; 1360
 And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.

He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt.
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side: 1365
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes:)
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend, 1370
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword. 1375
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.



P O S T S C R I P T

TO THE

R E A D E R.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to *translate* in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the *lying character* which has been given them of my morals. Yet steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the first place therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the

beginning, the prosecution, and *conclusion* of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of *words*, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for six-pence in a

battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words; nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but since the revolution I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physick to the great when he is uncalled, to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

Cynthia aurem vellit, & admonuit.

It is enough for me if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the mean time, I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defray-

ing the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion? amongst whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honour to be known, and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected as it was undeserved. The present earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who re-

commended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a muse, for this last office.

Extremum hunc Arctusa: —

Negat quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin. Amongst which I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer to Denham-Court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found.

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Extremum hunc Arethusa: —

Negat quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin. Amongst which I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer to Denham-Court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found.

No wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the earl of Exeter: In a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in English with as much lustre as I could; though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticize my master.

By a letter from William Walsb of Abberly, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critick of our nation) I have been informed that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneids, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert, has made me vain enough to boast of so great a

favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls *The Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's *Praise of a Country Life* is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of

Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgement. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me; and the only one of them who endeavoured to defame me had it not in his power.* I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them: and with my acknowledgements to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few notes which follow are *par maniere d'acquit*, because I had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not: but that little which I say is either new or necessary. And the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.

• Sir Richard Blackmore.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

O N

Virgil's Works in English.

PASTORAL 1. Line 6. *There first the youth
of heavenly birth I viewed.*

Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius; who perhaps had not arrived to his twentieth year when Virgil saw him first. *Vide* his life. Of heavenly birth or heavenly blood; because the Julian family was derived from Iulus, son to Æneas, and grandson to Venus.

Pastoral 2. Line 65. *The short Narcissus.*
That is, of short continuance.

Pastoral 3. Line 95. *For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep.*

Phœbus, not Pan, is here called the god of shepherds: the poet alludes to the same story which he touches in the beginning of the second Georgic, where he calls Phœbus the Amphrysian shepherd, because he fed the sheep and oxen of Admetus (with whom he was in love) on the hill Amphrysus.

Pastoral 4. Line 73. *Begin auspicious boy, &c.*
 In Latin thus, *Incipe parve puer, risu cognoscere*
matrem, &c.

I have translated the passage to this sense; that the infant smiling on his mother, singles her out from the rest of the company about him. Erythræus, Bembus, and Joseph Scaliger, are of this opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken; for immediately after we find these words, *Cui non risere Parentes*, which imply another sense, as if the parents smiled on the new-born-infant: and that the babe on whom they vouchsafed not to smile, was born to ill-fortune. For they tell a story, that when Vulcan, the only son of Jupiter and Juno, came into the world, he was so hard-favoured that both his parents frowned on him; and Jupiter threw him out of heaven: he fell on the island Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards. The last line of the pastoral seems to justify this sense, *Nec deus hunc Mensâ, Dea nec dignata Cubili est*. For though he married Venus, yet his mother Juno was not present at the nuptials to bless them; as appears by his wife's incontinence. They say also, that he was banished from the banquets of the gods: if so, that punishment could be of no long continuance, for Homer makes him present at their feasts, and composing a quarrel betwixt his parents with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of no great consequence; and therefore I adhere to my translation for these two reasons: first, Virgil has this following

line, *Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses*, as if the infant's smiling on his mother was a reward to her for bearing him ten months in her body, four weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catullus is cited by Joseph Scaliger, as favouring this opinion, in his Epithalamium of Manlius Torquatus.

Torquatus, volo parvulus

Matris è gremio suæ

Porrigens teneras manus

Dulcè rideat ad Patrem, &c.

What if I should steer betwixt the two extremes, and conclude, that the infant, who was to be happy, must not only smile on his parents, but also they on him? for Scaliger notes that the infants who smiled not at their birth, were observed to be *Ἀγέλαστοι*, or sullen (as I have translated it) during all their life: and Servius, and almost all the modern commentators affirm, that no child was thought fortunate on whom his parents smiled not at his birth. I observe farther, that the ancients thought the infant who came into the world at the end of the tenth month, was born to some extraordinary fortune, good or bad. Such was the birth of the late prince of Conde's father, of whom his mother was not brought to bed till almost eleven months were expired after his father's death: yet the College of Physicians at Paris concluded he was lawfully begotten. My ingenious friend, Anthony Henley, Esq. desired me to make a note on this passage of Virgil: adding, what I had

not read; that the Jews have been so superstitious, as to observe not only the first look or action of an infant, but also the first word which the parent or any of the assistants spoke after the birth; and from thence they gave a name to the child alluding to it.

Pastoral 6. My Lord Roscommon's notes on this pastoral, are equal to his excellent translation of it; and thither I refer the reader.

The eighth and tenth Pastorals are already translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is the Episode of Camilla, in the eleventh *Æneid*.

This eighth Pastoral is copied by our author from two *Bucolicks* of Theocritus. Spencer has followed both Virgil and Theocritus, in the charms which he employs for curing Britomartis of her love. But he had also our poet's Ceiris in his eye: for there not only the enchantments are to be found, but also the very name of Britomartis.

In the ninth Pastoral, Virgil has made a collection of many scattering passages which he had translated from Theocritus; and here he has bound them into a nosegay.

Georgic 1. The poetry of this book is more sublime than any part of Virgil, if I have any taste. And if ever I have copied his majestick style, it is here. The compliment he makes Augustus almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his successors Lu-

can and Statius. They dedicated to tyrants; and their flatteries are gross and fulsome. Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this Georgic, I think I have discovered a secret compliment to the Emperor, which none of the commentators have observed. Virgil had just before described the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the Triumvirs and the Common-wealth party: in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes committed by his patron Cæsar, as if he were constrained against his own temper to those violent proceedings, by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Anthony and Lepidus. *Fertur Equis Auriga, nec audit Cur-rus habenas.* They were the head-strong horses who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe farther, that the present wars, in which all Europe and part of Asia are engaged at present, are waged in the same places here described, *Atque hinc Eu-phrates, illinc Germania bellum, &c.* As if Virgil had prophesied of this age

Georgic 2. The praises of Italy, (translated by the learned, and every way excellent, Mr. Chetwood, which are printed in one of my miscellany poems) are the greatest ornament of this book. Wherein, for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But concerning grafting, my honoured friend Sir William

Bowyer has assured me, that Virgil has shown more of poetry than skill, at least in relation to our more northern climates; and that many of our stocks will not receive such grafts, as our poet tells us would bear in Italy. Nature has conspired with art to make the garden at Denham-court, of Sir William's own plantation, one of the most delicious spots of ground in England: it contains not above five acres, (just the compass of Alcinous his garden, described in the *Odysses* :) But Virgil says in this very *Georgic*, *Laudato ingentia rura; exiguum colito*.

Georgic 3. Line 45.

Next him Niphates, with inverted urn, &c.

It has been objected to me, that I understood not this passage of Virgil, because I call Niphates a river, which is a mountain in Armenia. But the river arising from the same mountain is also called Niphates. And having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think, that Virgil rather meant to couple two rivers, than a river and a mountain.

Line 224. *The male has done, &c.*

The transition is obscure in Virgil. He began with cows, then proceeds to treat of horses; now returns to cows.

Line 476. *Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun.*

Astrologers tell us, that the sun receives his exaltation in the sign Aries: Virgil perfectly understood both Astronomy and Astrology.

Georgic 4. Line 27. *That when the youthful prince.*

My most ingenious friend Sir Henry Shere, has observed through a glass hive, that the young prince of the *Bees*, or heir presumptive of the crown, approaches the king's apartment with great reverence; and for three successive mornings demands permission to lead forth a colony of that year's bees. If his petition be granted, which he seems to make by humble hummings, the swarm arises under his conduct: If the answer be, *le roy s'avisera*, that is, if the old monarch think it not convenient for the publick good to part with so many of his subjects, the next morning the prince is found dead before the threshold of the palace.

Line 477. The poet here records the names of fifty river-nymphs: And for once I have translated them all. But in the *Æneis* I thought not myself obliged to be so exact; for in naming many men who were killed by heroes, I have omitted some which would not sound in English verse.

Line 660. The Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice begins here, and contains the only machine which Virgil uses in the *Georgics*. I have observed in the epistle before the *Æneis*, that our Author seldom employs machines but to adorn his *poem*; and that the action which they seemingly perform, is really produced without them. Of this nature is the legend of the bees restored by miracle; when the

receipt which the poet gives, would do the work without one. The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto; where God commands St. Michael to take care that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord. The first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much secrecy that their march should not be discovered; the latter to enter the camp of the infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery, not doubting there to find Silence in her primitive abode; but instead of Silence finds Discord; the Monks, being divided into factions about the choice of some new officer, were at *snic* and *snee* with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks.

Æneid I. Line III.

And make thee father of a happy line.

This was an obliging promise to Æolus; who had been so unhappy in his former children Macareus and Canacé.

Line 196. *The realms of ocean and the fields of air are mine, not his.*

Poetically speaking, the *fields of air* are under the command of Juno, and her vicegerent Æolus. Why, then, does Neptune call them his? I answer, because being god of the seas, Æolus could raise no tempest in the atmosphere above them without his leave. But why does Juno address to her own substitute? I answer, He had an immediate power over the winds, whom Juno desires to employ on her revenge. That power was absolute by land, which Virgil plainly insinuates; for when Boreas and his brethren were let loose, he says at first *terras turbine perflant*; then adds, *incubere mari*: to raise a tempest on the sea was usurpation on the prerogative of Neptune, who had given him no leave, and therefore was enraged at his attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a passion, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

Line 450. *O virgin — &c.*

*If as you seem the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train.*

Thus, in the original:

*O quam te memorem virgo —
Aut Phæbi soror, aut nympharem sanguinis una.*

This is a family compliment, which Æneas here bestows on Venus. His father Anchises had used the very same to that goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient Greek poem, in which that amour is so beautifully described, and which is thought Homer's; though it seems to be written before his age.

Line 980. *Her princely guest was next her side.*

This, I confess, is properly translated; and according to the modern fashion of sitting at table. But the ancient custom of lying on beds, had not been understood by the unlearned reader.

Æneid 2. The destruction of Veii is here shadowed under that of Troy: Livy, in his description of it, seems to have emulated in his prose, and almost equalled the beauty of Virgil's verse.

Æneid 3. Verse 132.

And childrens children shall the crown sustain.

Et nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis.

Virgil translated this verse from Homer: Homer had it from Orpheus; and Orpheus from an ancient oracle of Apollo. On this account it is, that Virgil immediately subjoins these words, *Hæc Phæbus, &c.* Eustathius takes notice, that the old poets were wont to take whole paragraphs from one another, which justifies our poet for what he borrows from Homer. Bochartus, in his letter to Se-

grais, mentions an oracle which he found in the fragments of an old Greek historian; the sense whereof is this in English: That when the empire of the Priamidæ should be destroyed, the line of Anchises should succeed. Venus therefore, says the historian, was desirous to have a son by Anchises, though he was then in his decrepid age: accordingly she had Æneas. After this she sought occasion to ruin the race of Priam; and set on foot the intrigue of Alexander, (or Paris) with Helena: she being ravished, Venus pretended still to favour the Trojans; lest they should restore Helen, in case they should be reduced to the last necessity. Whence it appears, that the controversy betwixt Juno and Venus was on no trivial account, but concerned the succession to a great empire.

Æneid 4. Line 945.

And must I die, she said,

And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!

Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:

On any terms, 'tis better than to live.

This is certainly the sense of Virgil; on which I have paraphrased, to make it plain. His words are these:

Moriemur inultæ?

Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Servius makes an interrogation at the word *sic*; thus, *sic?* *Sic juvat ire sub umbras.* Which Mr.

Cowley justly censures : but his own judgment may perhaps be questioned ; for he would retrench the latter part of the verse, and leave it an Hemistic. *Sed moriamur, ait.* That Virgil never intended to have left any Hemistic, I have proved already in the Preface. That this verse was filled up by him, with these words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras*, is very probable ; if we consider the weight of them. For this procedure of Dido does not only contain that *dira execratio quæ nullo expiatur carmine* (as Horace observes in his Canidia) but besides that, Virgil, who is full of allusions to history, under another name, describes the Decii, devoting themselves to Death this way, though in a better cause, in order to the destruction of the enemy. The reader, who will take the pains to consult Livy, in his accurate description of those Decii, thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two passages. And it is judiciously observed upon that verse,

— *Nulla fides populis fœdera sunt,*

that Virgil uses the word *sunt* a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious occasions : Livy does the like. Note also, that Dido puts herself into the *Habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding herself round with one sleeve of her vest, which is also according to the Roman Pontifical, in this dreadful ceremony, as Livy has observed ; which is

a farther confirmation of this conjecture : So that upon the whole matter, Dido only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her revenge, which she rather wished. But considering that this devoting herself was the most certain and infallible way of compassing vengeance, she thus exclaims :

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras :

Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto

Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.

Those flames from far, may the false Trojan view ;
Those boding omens his base flight pursue.

Which translation I take to be according to the sense of Virgil. I should have added a note on that former verse,

Infelix Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt.

Which in the edition of Heinſius is thus printed, *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta* instead of *fata*, is reasonably altered. For Virgil ſays afterwards, ſhe died not by fate, nor by any deſerved death : *Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat*, &c. When I tranſlated that paſſage, I doubted of the ſenſe ; and therefore omitted that Hemetiſtic ; *Nunc te fata impia tangunt.* But Heinſius is miſtaken only in making an interrogation point inſtead of a period. The words *facta impia*, I ſuppoſe are genuine. For ſhe had perjured herſelf in her ſecond marriage ; having firmly reſolved, as ſhe told her ſiſter, in the begin-

ning of this Æneid, never to love again, after the death of her first husband; and had confirmed this resolution by a curse on herself, if she should alter it.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem, prius ima debiscat, &c.

Ante, pudor, quàm te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores

Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.

Æneid 5. A great part of this book is borrowed from Apollonius Rhodius. And the reader may observe the great judgment and distinction of our author in what he borrows from the ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the reason why he omits the horse-race in the funeral games, was because he shews Ascanius afterwards on horseback, with his troops of boys, and would not wear that subject thread-bare; which Statius, in the next age, described so happily. Virgil seems to me, to have excelled Homer in all those sports, and to have laboured them the more in honour of Octavius, his patron; who instituted the like games for perpetuating the memory of his uncle Julius. Piety, as Virgil calls it, or dutifulness to parents, being a most popular virtue among the Romans.

Æneid 6. Line 586.

*The next in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their lives away, &c.*

*Proxima sorte tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
 Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi.
 Projecere animas, &c.*

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the tenth book of *Plato de Republicâ*: no commentator, besides Fabrini, has taken notice of it. Self-murder was accounted a great crime by that divine philosopher; but the instances which he brings are too many to be inserted in these short notes. Sir Robert Howard, in his translation of this *Æneid*, which was printed with his poems in the year 1660, has given us the most learned and the most judicious observations on this book, which are extant in our language.

Line 733. *Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
 To pay my penance till my years expire.*

These two verses in English seem very different from the Latin:

Discedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the sense of Virgil; at least, according to the common interpretation of this place: I will withdraw from your company; retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years. But I must confess the interpretation of those two words *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*, that is, I will lessen your company by my departure. For Deiphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their

number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum, absolvam sententiam*: as if Deiphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit, I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage. That wish is expressed in the words immediately following, *I decus, I nostrum, &c.* which contains a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *Nos flendo ducimus boras*. This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

Line 980.

*Know first that heav'n and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, &c.*

*Principio cælum, & terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ titaniaque astra, &c.*

Here the sun is not expressed, but the moon only; though a less, and also a less radiant light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false, and that instead of *titaniaque astra*, he writ *titaniaque & astra*; and according to these words I have made my translation. It is most certain, that the sun ought not to be omitted, for he is frequently called the life and soul of the world. And nothing bids so fair for a visible divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious luminary. The Platonists call God the arche-

typal sun, and the sun the visible deity, the inward vital spirit in the centre of the universe, or that body to which that spirit is united, and by which it exerts itself most powerfully. Now it was the received hypothesis among the Pythagoreans, that the sun was situate in the centre of the world; Plato had it from them, and was himself of the same opinion; as appears by a passage in the *Timæus*, from which noble dialogue this part of Virgil's poem is taken.

Line 1156.

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, &c.

Quis te, magne Cato, &c.

There is no question but Virgil here means Cato Major, or the Censor. But the name of Cato being also mentioned in the eighth *Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the same man in both places. I have said in the Preface, that our poet was of republican principles; and have given this for one reason of my opinion, that he praised Cato in that line,

Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

And accordingly placed him in the Elysian fields. Montaigne thinks this was Cato the Utican, the great enemy of arbitrary power, and a professed foe to Julius Cæsar. Ruæus would persuade us that Virgil meant the Censor. But why should the poet name Cato twice, if he intended the same person? our author is too frugal of his words and sense, to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely

to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book; where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspired to restore tyranny: he calls him only an unhappy man, for being forced to that severe action.

Infelix, utcunque ferent ea facta minores.

Vincet amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.

Let the reader weigh these two verses, and he must be convinced that I am in the right; and that I have not much injured my master in my translation of them.

Line 1143.

Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more;

Nor stain your country with her children's gore.

And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim;

Thou of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.

This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferred on purpose to place it here; because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,

Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!

Anchises here speaks to Julius Cæsar, and commands him first to lay down his arms; which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our poet's incomparable address: for though he shews

himself sufficiently to be a commonwealth's-man; yet in respect to Augustus, who was his patron, he uses the authority of a parent, in the person of Anchises; who had more right to lay this injunction on Cæsar than on Pompey, because the latter was not of his blood. Thus our author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes sanctuary under Anchises; as if that ghost would have laid the same command on Pompey also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contrived, when this was the Æneid which he chose to read before his master?

Line 1221.

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

In Virgil thus:

Tu Marcellus eris.

How unpoetically and badly had this been translated; *Thou shalt Marcellus be!* Yet some of my friends were of opinion that I mistook the sense of Virgil in my translation. The French interpreter observes nothing on this place; but that it appears by it, the mourning of Octavia was yet fresh for the loss of her son Marcellus, whom she had by her first husband, and who died in the year *ab urbe conditâ*, 731; and collects from thence that Virgil, reading this Æneid before her, in the same year, had just finished it: that from this time to that of the poet's death, was little more than four years. So that sup-

posing him to have written the whole *Æneis* in eleven years, the first six books must have taken up seven of those years; on which account the six last must of necessity be less correct.

Now for the false judgment of my friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the words of Virgil in the verse preceding are these,

— *Siqua fata aspera rumpas.*

As if the poet had meant, If you break through your hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be called Marcellus. But this cannot be the sense; for though Marcellus was born, yet he broke not through those hard decrees which doomed him to so immature a death. Much less can Virgil mean, you shall be the same Marcellus by the transmigration of his soul. For according to the system of our author, a thousand years must be first elapsed before the soul can return into a human body; but the first Marcellus was slain in the second Punick war. And how many hundred years were yet wanting, to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gathered by computing the time betwixt Scipio and Augustus. By which it is plain, that Virgil cannot mean the same Marcellus, but one of his descendants, whom I call a new Marcellus; who so much resembled his ancestor, perhaps in his features and his person, but certainly in his military virtues, that Virgil cries out, *quantum instar in ipso est!* which I have translated,

How like the former, and almost the same.

Line 1235.

*Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd iv'ry this; that, of transparent horn.*

Virgil borrowed this imagination from Homer, Odysses the 9th, line 562. The translation gives the reason why true prophetic dreams are said to pass through the gate of horn, by adding the epithet *transparent*; which is not in Virgil, whose words are only these :

*Sunt geminae Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cerneæ ———*

What is pervious to the sight is clear; and (alluding to this property) the poet infers such dreams are of divine revelation. Such as pass through the ivory gate are of the contrary nature; polished lies. But there is a better reason to be given; for the ivory alludes to the teeth, the horn to the eyes. What we see is more credible than what we only hear; that is, words that pass through the portal of the mouth, or hedge of the teeth: (which is Homer's expression for speaking.)

Æneid 7. Line 109.

Strange to relate, the flames involv'd in smoke, &c.

Virgil in this place takes notice of a great secret in the Roman divination: the lambent fires which rose above the head, or played about it, were signs of posterity; such were those which he observed in the second Æneid, which were seen mounting from the crown of Ascanius:

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex.*

Smoky flames (or involved in smoke) were of a mixed omen; such were those which are here described: for smoke signifies tears, because it produces them, and flames happiness. And therefore Virgil says, that this oment was not only *mirabilis visu*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367.

One only daughter heirs my crown and state.

This has seemed to some an odd passage; that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince, and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts: But these criticks have not well considered the simplicity of former times; when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency; Lavinia offers not herself: it is Latinus who propounds the match; and he had been foretold, both by an augur and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law; who was also a hero. Fathers, in those ancient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters. Which I could prove by various examples; the contrary of which being now practised, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darkened the lustre of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this mar-

riage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

Line 1020.

— *And where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.*

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella; perhaps, because that city, (the same in which Augustus died afterwards) had once refused to give him entertainment, if we may believe the author of his life. Homer heartily curses another city which had used him in the same manner: but our author thought his silence of the Nolans a sufficient correction. When a poet passes by a place or person, though a fair occasion offers of remembering them, it is a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disobliged.

Æneid 8. Line 34.

*So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, &c.*

This similitude is literally taken from Appollonius Rhodius; and it is hard to say whether the original or the translation excels. But in the shield which he describes afterwards in this Æneid, he as much transcends his master Homer as the arms of Glaucus were richer than those of Diomedes. *Χρυσέα Χαλκείων.*

Lines 115 and 116.

*Æneas takes the mother and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.*

The translation is infinitely short of Virgil, whose words are these :

— *Tibi enim, tibi maxima Juno*
Maëtat sacra ferens, & cum grege sistit ad aram.

For I could not turn the word *enim* into English with any grace, though it was of such necessity in the Roman rites, that a sacrifice could not be performed without it; it is of the same nature (if I may presume to name that sacred mystery) in our words of consecration at the altar.

Æneid 9. Lines 853, 854.

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew;
And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, and both verses are very rough: but of choice; for it had been easy for me to have smoothed them. But either my ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their sound. For the stress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent, is expressed in the harshness of the first verse, clogged not only with monosyllables, but with consonants; and these words, *the tough eugh*, which conclude the second line, seem as forceful as they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are both frequent in their adapting sounds to the thing they signify. One example will serve for both; because Virgil borrowed the following verses from Homer's *Odysses*.

*Unà eurusque notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africas, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.*

Εὐν δ' Εὐροσε, Νότοσε ἔπιον, Ζίφυροσε δυσανῆς
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθριγενετῆς, μέγα κῦμα κυλινδων.

Our language is not often capable of these beauties: though sometimes I have copied them, of which these verses are an instance.

Line 1095.

————— *His ample shield*

Is falsify'd; and round with jav'lins fill'd.

When I read this *Æneid* to many of my friends, in company together, most of them quarrelled at the word *falsified*, as an innovation in our language. The fact is confessed; for I remember not to have read it in any English author; though perhaps it may be found in *Spencer's Fairy Queen*: but suppose it be not there, why am I forbidden to borrow from the Italian, (a polished language) the word which is wanting in my native tongue? Terence has often *Grecised*: Lucretius has followed his example: and pleaded for it; *sic quia me cogit patrii sermonis Egestas*. Virgil has confirmed it by his frequent practice; and even Cicero, in prose, wanting terms of philosophy in the Latin tongue, has taken them from Aristotle's Greek. Horace has given us a rule for coining words, *sic Græco fonte cadant*. Especially when other words are joined with them, which explain the sense. I use the word *falsify* in this place,

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to mean that the shield of Turnus was not of proof against the spears and javelins of the Trojans; which had pierced it through and through (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one make my meaning plain, according to the precept which Horace gave. But I said I borrowed the word from the Italian: *Vide Ariosto, Cant. 26.*

*Ma sì l' Usbergo d' ambi era perfetto,
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun canto.*

Falsar cannot be otherwise turned than by *falsified*; for *his shield was falsed*, is not English. I might indeed have contented myself with saying his shield was pierced, and bored, and stuck with *javelins*; *nec sufficit umbo ictibus*. They who will not admit a new word, may take the old, the matter is not worth dispute.

Æneid 10. Line 312.

A choir of nereids, &c.

These were transformed from ships to sea-nymphs: this is almost as violent a machine as the death of Aruns by a goddess in the Episode of Camilla. But the poet makes use of it with greater art; for here it carries on the main design. These new made divinities not only tell *Æneas* what had passed in his camp during his absence, and what was the present distress of his besieged people, and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle the

next day, and foretel him good success. So that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem: for besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigor, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing. Whereas the machine relating to Camilla is only ornamental; for it has no effect which I can find but to please the reader, who is concerned that her death should be revenged.

Lines 241, 242.

*Now sacred sisters open all your spring,
The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing.*

The poet here begins to tell the names of the Tuscan captains who followed Æneas to the war: and I observe him to be very particular in the description of their persons, and not forgetful of their manners; exact also in the relation of the numbers which each of them command. I doubt not but as in the fifth book, he gave us the names of the champions who contended for the several prizes, that he might oblige many of the most ancient Roman families, their descendants; and as in the 7th book he mustered the auxiliary forces of the Latins, on the same account; so here he gratifies his Tuscan friends with the like remembrance of their ancestors; and above the rest, Mæcenas his great patron; who being of a royal family in Etruria, was probably represented under one of the names here mentioned,

then known among the Romans, though at so great a distance unknown to us. And for his sake chiefly, as I guess, he makes Æneas (by whom he always means Augustus) to seek for aid in the country of Mecænas, thereby to endear his protector to his emperor; as if there had been a former friendship betwixt their lines. And who knows but Mecænas might pretend that the Cilnian family was derived from Tarchon, the chief commander of the Tuscans?

Line 622.

Nor I his mighty fire could ward the blow.

I have mentioned this passage in my preface to the Æneis, to prove that Fate was superior to the gods; and that Jove could neither defer nor alter its decrees. Sir Robert Howard has since been pleased to send me the concurrent testimony of Ovid: it is in the last book of his Metamorphoses; where Venus complains that her descendant, Julius Cæsar, was in danger of being murdered by Brutus and Cassius, at the head of the commonwealth faction, and desires them to prevent that barbarous assassination. They are moved to compassion; they are concerned for Cæsar; but the poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change destiny: all they could do was to testify their sorrow for his approaching death, by fore-shewing it with signs and prodigies, as appears by the following lines,

*Talia nequicquam toto Venus aurea Cælo
Verba jacit: superosque movet: qui rumpere quanquam*

*Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri.*

Then she addresses to her father Jupiter, hoping aid from him, because he was thought omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as the rest, for he answers thus :

——— *sola insuperabile fatum*

Nata, movere paras ? intres licet ipsa sororum

Tecta trium ; cernes illic molimine vasto

Ex ære, & solido rerum tabularia ferro :

Quæ neque concursus cœli, neque fulminis iram,

Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas.

Invenies illic incisa adamante perenni

Fata tui generis, legi ipse, animoque notavi,

Et referam : ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.

Hic sua complevit (pro quo Cytherea laboras,)

Tempora, perfectis quos terræ debuit, annis, &c.

Jupiter you see is only library-keeper, or *custos rotulorum* to the Fates ; for he offers his daughter a cast of his office, to give her a sight of their decrees ; which the inferior gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the preface ; that they not having seen the records, might believe they were his own handwriting ; and consequently at his disposing, either to blot out, or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this opinion was Juno in these words, *tua qui potes orsa reflectas*. Now the abode of those destinies be-

ing in Hell, we cannot wonder why the swearing by Styx was an inviolable oath amongst the gods of heaven, and that Jupiter himself should fear to be accused of forgery by the Fates, if he altered any thing in their decrees. Chaos, Night, and Erebus, being the most ancient of the deities, and instituting those fundamental laws by which he was afterwards to govern. Hesiod gives us the genealogy of the gods, and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that Homer was more a fatalist than Virgil: for it has been observed that the word *τυχῆ*, or fortune, is not to be found in his two poems; but instead of it, always *μοῖρα*.

Æneid 12. Line 808, and 809.

*Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons; and to battle leads.*

The poet had said, in the preceding lines, that Mnestheus, Seresthus, and Afylas, led on the Trojans, the Tuscans, and the Arcadians: but none of the printed copies, which I have seen, mention any leader of the Rutulians and Latins, but Messapus the son of Neptune. Ruæus takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no reason why Messapus is alone without a coadjutor.

The four verses of Virgil run thus:

*Totæ adeò conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidæ; Mnestheus, acerque Seresthus,*

*Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Asylas,
Tuscorumque Phalanx, Evandrique Arcadis alæ.*

I doubt not but the third line was originally thus,
Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Atinas:

For the two names of Asylas and Atinas are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the transcribers.. And to fortify this opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of Sages to Turnus, that Atinas is joined with Messapus.

*Soli, pro portis, Messapus & acer Atinas
Sastentant aciem ———*

In general I observe, not only in this *Æneid* but in all the six last books, that *Æneas* is never seen on horseback, and but once before as I remember, in the fourth, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret compliment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans; the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot; which, I think, were all Romans and Italians. But their wings or squadrons were made up of their *allies*, who were foreigners.

Æneid 12. Lines 100, 101, 102.

*At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks, by turns, with white and red.* }

Amata, ever partial to the cause of Turnus, had just before desired him, with all manner of earnest-

ness, not to engage his rival in single fight; which was his present resolution. Virgil, though in favour of his hero, he never tells us directly that Lavinia preferred Turnus to Æneas, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For, mark, in the seventh Æneid, she left her father, who had promised her to Æneas without asking her consent; and followed her mother into the woods, with a troop of Bacchanals, where Amata sung the marriage song, in the name of Turnus; which, if she had disliked, she might have opposed. Then in the 11th Æneid, when her mother went to the temple of Pallas, to invoke her aid against Æneas, whom she calls by no better name than Phrygius Prædo, Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or litter, *juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo*, ——— *Oculos dejecta decoros*. What greater sign of love, than fear and concernment for the lover? In the lines which I have quoted she not only sheds tears, but changes colour. She had been bred up with Turnus, and Æneas was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus in all probability was her first love; and favoured by her mother, who had the ascendant over her father. But I am much deceived, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret satire against the sex, which is lurking under this description of Virgil, who seldom speaks well of women: better indeed of Camilla than any other; for he commends her beauty and valour, because he would concern the reader for her death. But valour is no very

proper praise for womankind; and beauty is common to the sex. He says also somewhat of Andromache, but transiently; and his Venus is a better mother than a wife, for she owns to Vulcan she had a son by another man. The rest are Juno's, Diana's, Dido's, Amata's, two mad prophetesses, three harpies on earth, and as many furies under ground. This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral; that women in their choice of husbands, prefer the younger of their suitors to the elder; are insensible of merit, fond of handsomeness; and, generally speaking, rather hurried away by their appetite, than governed by their reason.

Lines 1191 and 1192.

*This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land, &c.*

The words in the original are these, *pro latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum*. Virgil very artfully uses here the word *majestas*, which the Romans loved so well, that they appropriated it to themselves. *Majestas populi Romani*. This title applied to kings is very modern, and that is all I will say of it at present: though the word requires a larger note. In the word *tuorum*, is included the sense of my translation, *Your father's land*: because Saturn, the father of Jove, had governed that part of Italy, after his expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most insist, is the address of the poet in this speech of Juno.

Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the preface, that whatever the common opinion was, concerning the descent of the Romans from the Trojans; yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, and habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and perhaps also that they had never been: and for this reason he introduces Juno in this place, requesting of Jupiter that no memory might remain of Troy, (the town she hated) that the people hereafter should not be called Trojans, nor retain any thing which belonged to their predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our author and his friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from rebuilding Troy, and removing thither the seat of empire, a design so unpleasing to the Romans? But of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted d'Acier and the rest of the criticks, to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the Ode relating to that subject.

Lines 1224 and 1225.

*Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three sisters at a birth, were born to Night.*

The father of these (not here mentioned) was Acheron: the names of the three were Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They were called Furies in hell, on earth Harpies, and in heaven Diræ: two of these assisted at the throne of Jupiter, and were employed by him to punish the wickedness of mankind. These two must be Megæra and Tisiphone:

not Alecto, for Juno expressly commands her to return to hell, from whence she came; and gives this reason:

*Te super Ætherias errare licentiùs auras,
Haud pater ipse velit summi regnator Olympi:
Cede locis.*

Probably this Dira, un-named by the poet in this place, might be Tisiphone; for though we find her in hell, in the sixth Æneid, employed in the punishment of the damned,

*Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.*

Yet afterwards she is on earth in the tenth Æneid, and amidst the battle, *Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia sævit*. Which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name; which is compounded of *τίω* *ulciscor*; and *φόνος* *cædes*. Part of her errand being to affright Turnus with the stings of a guilty conscience; and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to Æneas, to whom she was promised by her father, and consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his rival, and called the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the harpies, (so called on earth) Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aello, and Ocypete. Virgil

calls one of them Celæno: this I doubt not was Alecto; whom Virgil calls, in the third *Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*: and in the sixth again, by the same name — *Furiarum maxima, juxta accubat*. That she was the chief of the furies appears by her description in the seventh *Æneid*: to which, for haste, I refer the reader.

F I N I S.

24 MA 66

I N D E X

TO THE

P A S T O R A L S.

BY MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The Subject of each PASTORAL may be seen
by the ARGUMENT.*

P E R S O N S A N D T H I N G S.

A

		Past.	Ver.
A CHILLES	—	iv	44
Adonis	—	x	26
Ægle	—	vi	32
Ægon	—	iii	2
— the owner of sheep kept by Damætas	—	iii	2
— courted Næara, but slighted by her	—	iii	4
— (Licinian) to join in the annual song to the memory of Daphnis	—	v	114
Ænigma, one proposed by Damætas	—	iii	160
—, one proposed by Menalcas	—	iii	163

VOL. IV.

O

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Alcides — — — —	vii	84
Alcimedon — — — —	iii	56
Alcippe — — — —	vii	19
Alders, how affected by the spring —	x	108
Alexis — — — —	ii	2
— — — —	vii	77
Alphesibeus — — — —	v	115
— begins his song — —	viii	89
Alps — — — —	x	74
Amarillis — — — —	i	6
— — — —	ii	16
— — — —	viii	109
— — — —	ix	27
Amphion — — — —	ii	29
— raised the tower of Thebes by the powers of music —	ii	30
Amyntas — — — —	ii	43
— — — —	iii	100
— — — —	x	55
— wished to have Corydon's skill on the pipe — —	ii	44
Antigenes — — — —	v	139
Aonian source — — — —	x	16
Apollo — — — —	iv	12
— — — —	x	32
Arar's brink — — — —	i	81
Arcadian judges — — — —	iv	72
— swains — — — —	x	48
— mountains — — — —	x	80
Arethusa — — — —	x	1
Argonauts — — — —	vi	66
Argos — — — —	iv	42
— maids of — — — —	vi	71
Arion — — — —	viii	77
Ascræan pastor — — — —	vi	98
Ash-tree, the ornament of woods —	vii	91
Augustus, restored Virgil his lands —	i	63
— deified by Virgil, in the person of Tityrus — —	i	60

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

B

	Past.	Ver.
BACCHUS , the rites to him first ordained by		
Daphnis — — — — —	v	45
— — — — —	v	124
— his brows adorned with the vine	vii	86
Banquet, one offered by Tityrus to Melibœus	i	114
Bavius — — — — —	iii	140
Beauty, a fleeting charm — — — — —	ii	19
Bianor's tomb — — — — —	ix	83
Britons, — — — — —	i	89
—, a race of people disjoined from the rest of the world — — — — —	i	90
Brows (of Phœbus) adorned with bays —	vii	85

C

CATAMITE , Menalcas is called so by Da- mætas — — — — —	iii	10
Cæsar, (Julius) his death lamented in the person of Daphnis — — — — —	v	28
Cæsar's lamp — — — — —	ix	65
Ceres — — — — —	v	124
Chian vine — — — — —	v	109
Chromis, one of the persons by whom Silenus was found sleeping — — — — —	vi	19
Cinna's ears — — — — —	ix	47
Circe, changed the friends of Ulysses by her charms — — — — —	viii	96
Citheris, called Lycoris — — — — —	x	34
Codrus — — — — —	v	15
— next Phœbus for singing — — — — —	vii	30
— — — — —	vii	36
Conon — — — — —	iii	61
Corydon — — — — —	ii	1
— — — — —	vii	26
— loved Alexis — — — — —	ii	2
— viewed his person in the flood —	ii	32

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Corydon praises his person — —	ii	34
— invites Alexis to live with him —	ii	35
— enumerates what he will bestow on Alexis — —	ii	45
— laments that he is neglected by Alexis	ii	77
— recommends a pastoral life from the example of the gods —	ii	85
— resolves to relinquish his unanswered flame, and attend to the duties of his station — —	ii	105
— begins a poetical contest with Thyrsis	vii	27
— reigned without a rival after vanquishing Thyrsis — —	vii	100
Country towns compared to shrubs —	i	34
Cretan queen — — —	vi	68
Cypresses, compared to the stateliness of Rome	i	35
Cyprian queen, delighted in myrtle groves	vii	87

D

DAMÆTAS, bequeathed his pipe to Corydon	ii	46
— kept Ægon's sheep —	iii	2
— begins a contest of singing with Menalcas — —	iii	89
— considers the frowns of his mistress as his greatest misfortune —	iii	126
— proposes an ænigma to Menalcas	iii	160
— to perform divine rites to the memory of Daphnis —	v	113
Damon — — — —	iii	32
— — — —	viii	21
— — — —	viii	50
— complains of Nisa's perjury	viii	26
— his first view of Nisa fatal —	viii	53
— supposes love to be bred in deserts, and fed by tygers —	viii	60
Daphnis — — — —	ii	34
— sat as umpire during a poetical contest between Corydon and Thyrsis	vii	5

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Daphnis (supposed to mean Julius Cæsar) his		
death lamented — — —	v	28
— a monumental inscription for him		
proposed by Mopsus —	v	65
— first taught tigers to bear the yoke	v	43
— first dressed the spear with curling ivy	v	44
— first ordained rites to Bacchus —	v	45
— is deified by Menalcas —	v	86
Delia — — — —	iii	102
— — — — —	vii	43
Delphian god — — — —	vi	117
Description of the approach of evening	i	117
— — — — —	ii	95
— of two bowls made by Alcimedon	iii	56
— of two other — —	iii	65
— of the consequences of the death		
of Daphnis — — —	v	27
— — — — —	v	51
— of Silenus found asleep —	vi	20
— of the attendants on the song of		
Silenus — — —	vi	42
— of a sheep-hook — —	v	137
— of a rural crown worn by Sylvanus	x	37
— of the countenance of Pan —	x	39

E.

EVENING, the approach of it described by		
the shadows of the sun lengthening —	i	117
— — — — —	ii	98

F.

FATES — — — —	iv	56
Flood, stopped by the rivers standing in		
heaps at the complaints of two		
despairing swains —	viii	4

G.

GALATEA — — —	vii	52
Gallus, his distress, for the loss of Lyco-		
ris, related — — —	x	3

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Gods, (the) pleased with unequal numbers	viii	105
Griffons — — —	viii	38
Ground, (the) compared to a carpet —	i	115

H.

H AZLE, worn by Phyllis to adorn her hair	vii	88
Hæmonian hills — — —	vi	46
Heat, (Lybian) — — —	i	88
Helen — — — — —	iv	43
Homer — — — — —	viii	16
Hybla — — — — —	vii	53
Hylas (the son of Theodamas) —	vi	66
— (the dog) — — —	viii	156

I.

I BERIAN shore — — —	iv	42
Idean grove — — —	ii	87
Illyrian coast — — —	viii	9
Iolas — — — — —	ii	80
— detained Alexis from Corydon by the superiority of his presents —	ii	82
Jove — — — — —	iii	90
— to him belongs the care of heaven and earth	iii	91
— descends in kindly showers of rain	vii	83
Juniper, the dewes from it, unwholesome —	x	112

K.

K IDS, flecked with white, of the true Ar- cadian strain — — —	ii	55
--	----	----

L.

L ICTIAN Ægon, to join in the annual song in memory of Daphnis —	v	14
Linus — — — — —	iv	68
Locusts, creak when affected by heat —	ii	14

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Love, conquers all	x	99
Lucifer	viii	25
Lucina	iv	11
Lybian heat	i	88
— lions	v	42
— sheep	x	97
Lycidas	vii	93
—	ix	2
Lycoris	x	3
Lynxes, listened to the complaints of two de- spairing swains	viii	3

M.

M AIDS, of Argos	vi	71
Mantua	i	30
Mantuan towers	ix	34
Mars	ix	24
Mænalian strains	viii	30
— pines	x	21
Mævius	iii	140
Melibœus, recounts the omens that preceded his misfortunes	i	22
— enumerates the blessings attending Tityrus's freedom	i	64
— laments the severity of his fortune	i	85
— is invited to a banquet by Tityrus	i	113
— relates the particulars of a poetical contest between Corydon and Thyrsis	vii	1
— decides in favour of Corydon	vii	100
Menalcas	ii	17
— describes two bowls made by Alci- medon	iii	55
— holds a poetical contest with Damætas	iii	93
— prefers his mistress to every other blessing	iii	131
— proposes an ænigma to Damætas	iii	163

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Menalcas praises the song of Mopsus	v	69
deifies Daphnis	v	86
proposes to raise altars and sacrifices to Daphnis	v	102
promises to pay divine honours to Daphnis	v	123
presents Mopsus with his pipe, as a reward for his song	v	133
Meroe's burning plains	x	97
Mincius	vii	15
Moeris	viii	137
	ix	i
Mopsus, only rivalled in voice by Amyntas	v	10
laments the death of Daphnis	v	25
invites the shepherds to perform the funeral rites of Daphnis	v	59
proposes a monumental inscription for Daphnis	v	64
praises the song of Menalcas	v	127
presents Menalcas with a sheep-hook as a reward for his song	v	137
weds Nisa	viii	36
Mossy springs, invite sleep	vii	66
Muses	vi	16
Mycon	vii	43
Myrtle groves, the delight of the Cyprian queen	vii	87

N.

N ^{ais}	vi	33
Neara	iii	4
Nisæ	viii	46
Numbers, unequal ones, pleasing to the gods	viii	105

O.

O ^{axis}	i	87
Orpheus	iii	69

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Orpheus	iv	67
—	viii	76

P.

PALES	v	53
Palæmon	iii	75
— settles the order of the controversy between Damætas and Menalcas	iii	85
— is unable to determine which sings best	iii	168
Pallas	ii	89
Pan	ii	40
—	iv	71
— the inventor of joining reeds of unequal lengths with wax, to form musical notes	ii	41
— fond of shepherds	ii	42
— fed the shepherds sheep	ii	42
Parian marble	vi	102
— stone	vii	45
Paris	ii	87
Parnassus	x	16
Parthian bow	x	85
Philomel	vi	111
Phœbe, descends from heaven by the power of verse	viii	95
Phœbus	iii	93
— the inspirer of poets	iii	93
— requires the warmth he gives	iii	94
— the god of shepherds and of sheep	iii	95
— his brows adorned with bays	vii	85
— warned Mœris, by the croak of a ra- ven, to escape danger	ix	19
Phyllis	iii	97
— her return, after absence, thought to be productive of benefits to the shepherds	vii	81
— her hair adorned with hazle	vii	88

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Pindus — — — — —	vi	47
— — — — —	ix	13
Pine trees, great ornaments in gardens —	vii	92
Pines of Mænalus — — — — —	viii	31
Po — — — — —	vi	92
Pollio — — — — —	iii	132
— — — — —	viii	7
— — — — — praised by Damætas and Menalcas	iii	136
— — — — — a consul when his son Saloniæ was born	iv	14
Poplar, worn by Alcides — — — — —	vii	84
— — — — — the ornament of floods — — — — —	vii	92
Priam — — — — —	ii	88
Priapus — — — — —	vii	48
Prometheus' theft — — — — —	vi	65
Progne — — — — —	vi	115

R.

REIGN of Saturn — — — — —	vi	64
Rivers, said to stand in heaps at the complaints of two despairing swains	viii	4
Rome, its stateliness compared to the cypress	i	35
— — — — — prepared triumphs for Pollio's finished wars — — — — —	viii	8
Roughness, compared to the bur — — — — —	vii	60

S.

SATURN — — — — —	vi	64
Saturnian times — — — — —	iv	6
Sea-weed (on the shore) represented as a disagreeable sight — — — — —	vii	59
Scylla's fate — — — — —	vi	105
Scythian cold — — — — —	i	88
Sheep-hook, one described — — — — —	v	138
Silenus, found asleep — — — — —	vi	20
— — — — —, the consequences of his song — — — — —	vi	42
— — — — —, the subject of his song related — — — — —	vi	49
Sophocles — — — — —	viii	15

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Spartan flood — — — —	vi	118
Sun, its lengthening shadows denote the approach of night — —	i	117
Sweetness, compared to Hybla —	vii	53
Sylvanus — — — —	x	37
Syrian roses — — — —	iv	20

T.

T <small>ALLNESS</small> , compared to the poplar —	vii	54
Taperness, compared to the bole —	vii	54
Tereus — — — —	vi	113
Theban turrets, raised by the power of Amphion's music — —	ii	30
Thestylis — — — —	ii	9
—— requested Corydon's kids —	ii	56
Thracian clime — — — —	x	93
—— bard — — — —	vi	46
—— Orpheus — — — —	iv	67
Thyrsis — — — —	vii	26
—— vanquished by Corydon in a poetical contest — — — —	vii	98
Tigris — — — —	i	82
Timavus — — — —	viii	9
Tityrus — — — —	i	2
—— — — — —	i	27
—— — — — —	viii	76
—— invites Melibœus to a banquet —	i	113
Trojan fate — — — —	iv	44
Typhis — — — —	iv	41
Tyrian robes — — — —	iv	55

V.

V <small>ARUS</small> — — — —	vi	8
—— — — — —	ix	32
Virgil (in the character of Tityrus) deifies Augustus — —	i	7

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Virgil sought not liberty till the colour of his beard was changed — —	i	38
— prophecies that Saloniſius would grace Pollio's conſulſhip — —	iv	13
— enumerates the bleſſings to mankind that would attend the birth of Saloniſius	iv	20
— boasts of having firſt introduced Sicilian ſtrains at Rome — —	vi	1
— confeſſes that Apollo forbid him to ſing of battles, but recommended paſtoral ſubjects to him —	vi	5
Ulyſſes, his friends changed by the charms of Circe — — —	viii	96
Unequal numbers pleaſing to the gods —	viii	105

W.

W ^{HITENESS} , compared to the ſwan —	vii	53
Wintermaſt — — —	x	30

Y.

Y ^{EUGH} (baleful) — — —	ix	40
-----------------------------------	----	----

I N D E X

TO THE

G E O R G I C S.

BY MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The Subject of each GEORGIC may be seen
by the ARGUMENT.*

P E R S O N S A N D T H I N G S.

A.

Georg. Ver.

A	CERRA (the land of) fertile, till over-				
	flowed by the Clanus	—	ii	308	
Achilles	—	—	iii	144	
Aconite (baleful)	not the growth of Italy		ii	209	
Actors (of the ancient comedy)	wore vizards				
	made of the bark of trees	—	ii	534	
Afric	—	—	iii	52	
Alburnian groves	—	—	iii	235	
	infested with gad-flies	—	iii	236	

VOL. IV.

P

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Alcinous' orchard, bore various kinds of apples	ii	126
Almond trees, loaded with an odorous bloom, the sign of a plentiful summer	i	273
———— overloaded with leaves, the sign of a barren harvest	— i	289
Alps — — — — —	i	640
———— — — — —	iii	718
———— description of a fatal murrain among cattle there	iii	721
Amellus — — — — —	iv	392
———— its root boiled in wine, restorative to sickly bees	iv	399
Aminean grape — — — — —	ii	138
Amphrysiæ shepherd — — — — —	iii	3
Anio — — — — —	iv	527
Arabia — — — — —	ii	161
———— yields gums — — — — —	ii	190
Arcadia, (the plains of) flowery — — — — —	iii	4
Arcadian fleeces — — — — —	i	21
Arcturus — — — — —	i	102
Arethusa — — — — —	iv	486
———— once of Diana's train — — — — —	iv	486
———— betrayed to love — — — — —	iv	487
Argitis grape — — — — —	ii	142
Argos breed of horses — — — — —	iii	192
Aristæus — — — — —	iv	451
———— the fable of, poetically related — — — — —	iv	451
———— his complaint to his mother Cyrene — — — — —	iv	456
———— his crime — — — — —	iv	655
Armenia — — — — —	iii	46
Aromatic flowers, efficacious to bees, when planted near their hives	iv	43
Arras (Persian) the figures of it condemned	ii	650
Ascræan verse — — — — —	ii	246
Ash trees, raised from cyons — — — — —	ii	92
Asia — — — — —	ii	238
Asian cities — — — — —	iii	47
Astrea — — — — —	ii	671
————'s balance — — — — —	i	298

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Asylus, swarms of gad-flies so called by the		
Romans — — — —	iii	238
Athenian shores — — — —	iv	668
Athens — — — —	ii	525
—— comedy had its rise there —	ii	ibid
Augustus (Cæsar) addressed and complimented		
with divinity by Virgil	i	30
—— stiled the patron of the world	i	33
Aurora, her course described — —	i	340
Avernus — — — —	ii	226

B.

BACCHANALS, sung by Spartan nymphs	ii	693
Bacchus — — — —	i	9
—— — — — —	i	81
—— — — — —	ii	5
—— — — — —	iv	156
—— the Romans hung earthen images		
of him, on pine trees, when		
they celebrated festivals in ho-		
nour of the vine —	ii	536
—— particulars of the ceremonies used		
by the Romans when they ce-		
lebrated festivals to him —	ii	544
Bactria — — — —	ii	189
Balearic slings — — — —	i	415
Battle (of the bulls) described —	iii	340
Bears (the constellations) decreed by fate, not		
to dive beneath the southern sea —	i	337
Beaver stones of Pontus — —	i	87
Bees. See the General Index		
—— their labours compared to that of the		
Cyclops — — — —	i	259
—— supposed to have ethereal thought	iv	322
Belgian waggons — — — —	iii	317
Benacus — — — —	ii	220
Beroë — — — —	iv	481

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Boreas — — — — —	iii	309
— — — — —	iii	549
Britons — — — — —	iii	38
Budding (of trees) described — — — — —	ii	104
Bulls, battle of the — — — — —	iii	340
Bumastus grape — — — — —	ii	146
Bufiris' altars — — — — —	iii	7

C.

CALABRIA's woods, description of a snake peculiar to them — — — — —	iii	647
Camillus — — — — —	ii	235
Campanian fields, what their soil — — — — —	ii	305
— — — — — wine — — — — —	iii	789
Capricorn — — — — —	ii	437
Caucasean rocks, spread with trees — — — — —	ii	618
Cæsar (Augustus) — — — — —	i	38
— — — — —	i	672
— — — — —	iv	809
— (Julius) his fate foretold by the sun — — — — —	i	628
Cæsar's Indian war — — — — —	iii	42
Cecropian thyme — — — — —	iv	390
Centaur's, urged to lawless lust by wine — — — — —	ii	637
Ceres — — — — —	i	9
— — — — —	i	57
— — — — —	i	81
— — — — —	i	139
— first taught the art of tillage — — — — —	i	219
— armed with iron shares the plough — — — — —	i	221
Chaos — — — — —	iv	491
Chariot race, described — — — — —	iii	116
Citrons (their juice) in what efficacious — — — — —	ii	178
— — — — — how applied by the Medes — — — — —	ii	185
Citron trees, described — — — — —	ii	181
Clanius — — — — —	ii	308
Clio — — — — —	iv	481
Clymene — — — — —	iv	488
Cocytus — — — — —	iv	688

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Coition, known to all living creatures	—	iii 375
—— its joys not confined alone to human beings	— — —	iii 377
Comedy, its origin described	—	ii 525
Corinthian brass, breathing figures of	—	ii 646
Cormorants, forsake the sea on the approach of wind	— —	i 495
Corycian, the happiness of one in retirement described	— —	iv 188
Country life, a panegyric on it	— —	ii 639
Cyclops, the labour of bees compared to theirs	iv	245
Cydicpe	— — — —	iv 479
Cyllarus	— — — —	iii 142
Cynthia	— — — —	iii 520
——	— — — —	iii 602
Cyrene	— — — —	iv 456
—— her speech to Aristæus	—	iv 557
Cytheron	— — — —	iii 73
Cyturus	— — — —	ii 612
Cytron steds	— — — —	ii 726
Creation (of the world) described	—	ii 460
Crete	— — — —	ii 787

D.

DAYS, lucky and unlucky, ones	—	i 371
Decii	— — — —	ii 235
Deiopeia	— — — —	iv 483
Deities (concerned in husbandry) invoked	—	i 7
Deucalion	— — — —	i 93
—— threw his mother's intrails on the desert world	— —	i 93
Dodonian oaks	— — — —	i 221
Dogs, observations respecting them	—	iii 616
—— their use	— — — —	iii 619
Dragon (the constellation)	— — — —	i 295
—— its situation	— — — —	i 334
Drymo	— — — —	iv 477
Dutch, (the) not warlike	— —	iii 587

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

E.

	Georg.	Ver.
Æ GYPT's fruitful isle — — —	iv	410
Ægyptian thorn — — —	ii	166
— lands — — —	iv	413
Ebony, the growth of India — — —	i	85
— — — — —	ii	163
Elean chariot — — — — —	i	89
— plains — — — — —	iii	315
Elm trees, grafted with oak, bear acorns	ii	100
Emanthian plains — — — — —	i	659
Enipeus — — — — —	iv	525
Ephyre — — — — —	iv	485
Epidaurus — — — — —	iii	75
Epirian breed (of horses) — — —	iii	192
Epirus — — — — —	i	89
— produced horses for the Elean chariot	i	89
Erichthonius, the first that joined four horses in the chariot race — — —	iii	177
Etrurian virtue, its austerity arose from Re- mus and Romulus — — —	ii	788
Euphrates — — — — —	i	685
— — — — —	iv	810
Eurestheus — — — — —	iii	8
Europe — — — — —	iii	52
Eurus — — — — —	ii	154
Eurydice — — — — —	iv	763

F.

F ABLE (of Aristæus) — — —	iv	451
Falernian wine — — —	ii	137
Fawns, propitious to rural swains — — —	i	11
Eleece (Arcadian) — — — — —	i	24
Field-mouse, builds her garner underground	i	265

G.

G ALESSUS — — — — —	iv	187
Ganges — — — — —	ii	188
Gargarus, the hills, produce plentiful crops	i	150

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Gelons — — — — —	iii	703
Gnosian diadem — — — — —	i	311
— bow — — — — —	i	415
Goats, the origin of their being sacrificed at the altar of Bacchus — — — — —	ii	523
Grafting. See General Index.		
Greece — — — — —	i	55
— — — — —	iii	16

H.

H ALCYONS — — — — —	i	544
— — — — —	iii	520
Hazle-trees, rise from roots — — — — —	ii	92
Heat (of summer) foretold by the odorous bloom of almond-trees — — — — —	i	275
Hebrus — — — — —	iv	761
Hemus' hilly crown — — — — —	ii	694
Herculean poplar — — — — —	ii	18
Hermus — — — — —	ii	188
Hesperus — — — — —	iii	504
Hippodame — — — — —	iii	11
Hippomanes, what — — — — —	iii	443
Horse (for war) described — — — — —	iii	130
— rules for the management of him — — — — —	iii	285
Husbandry, the necessary implements for it	i	243
Husbandman, not to be exempt. from labour	i	361
Hylas (the son of Theodamus) — — — — —	iii	9
Hypanis — — — — —	iv	527

I.

I DEAN pitch — — — — —	iv	57
Idume — — — — —	i	86
Idumæan plains — — — — —	ii	165
— palms — — — — —	iii	18
India — — — — —	i	85
Indian fields — — — — —	ii	189

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Io — — — —	iii	244
— punished by Juno — — —	iii	244
Ionian shores — — —	ii	152
Jove — — — —	ii	22
— — — —	iii	55
— — — —	iv	491
— forbids plenty to be purchased with ease	i	183
— invented the shining plough-share —	i	187
— the inventor of arts, &c. —	i	189
— added venom to the viper brood —	i	197
— rendered the necessaries of life difficult to be obtained, to excite mankind to industry and ingenuity —	i	203
Jove's imperial queen — — —	iii	795
Ismarus, pleasing to Bacchus — —	ii	51
Ister — — — —	iii	544
Italy, praised by Virgil, as superior to every other country — —	ii	191
— its beauty and fertility — —	ii	196
— free from lions and tigers — —	ii	207
— its cities magnificent — —	ii	213
— its lakes and rivers — —	ii	219
— its quarries once famous for gold and silver	ii	228
— its inhabitants described — —	ii	229
Juice of honey-combs, allays the strength and hardness of wine — —	iv	155
Julian waters — — —	ii	255
Julius Cæsar, his fate supposed (by Virgil) to be foretold by the sun —	i	628
Juno — — — —	iii	243
— the punishment she inflicted on Io	iii	244
Ivory, the growth of India — —	i	85

K.

KIDS (the) — — —	i	295
King (of heaven) fed by bees, in Cretan caves — — — —	iv	223

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

L.

				Georg.	Ver.
L AOMEDON	—	—	—	i	675
Lapithæ	—	—	—	iii	180
Larius	—	—	—	ii	219
Latona's erring isle	—	—	—	iii	9
Lethean poppy	—	—	—	iv	786
Libyan swains	—	—	—	iii	524
— the manner their sheep feed	—	—	—	iii	527
Licorias	—	—	—	iv	479
— once required the aid of Lucina	—	—	—	iv	480
Life (country) a panegyric on it	—	—	—	ii	639
Ligurians, a laborious people	—	—	—	ii	232
Lions, none in Italy	—	—	—	ii	208
Lizards, lurk in bee-hives	—	—	—	iv	352
Love, the force of it on all living creatures	—	—	—	iii	375
— instanced, by an allusion to the story of	—	—	—	—	—
Hero and Leander	—	—	—	iii	403
Lucrine lake	—	—	—	ii	222
Lycæan woods	—	—	—	iii	3
Lycæus	—	—	—	iv	780
Lycus	—	—	—	iv	524
Lydian vintage	—	—	—	ii	139
— wine	—	—	—	iv	547
Lygæa	—	—	—	iv	484

M.

M AIA	—	—	—	i	310
Mantua	—	—	—	iii	18
Mares, impregnated by snuffing the western wind	—	—	—	iii	433
Marii	—	—	—	ii	235
Mars	—	—	—	i	688
—	—	—	—	iv	489
—	—	—	—	iv	667
Marfian race, strong-built and stout	—	—	—	ii	230
Mecænas	—	—	—	i	6
—	—	—	—	ii	54
—	—	—	—	iv	3

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Mecænas requested by Virgil to inspire his song	ii	56
——— complimented by Virgil	—	iii 70
Medes, the use they made of the juice of citrons	ii	185
Median climes, produce citrons	—	ii 175
——— woods	—	ii 187
Mella	—	iv 398
Meotian strand	—	iii 543
Milesian wool	—	iv 476
Mincius	—	iii 20
Minerva's trees	—	ii 4
Mole (the) works mazes underground for storing grain	—	i 267
Moon (the) her crescent tipped with fable clouds, denotes tempestuous weather	i	575
——— her various appearances denote good or bad weather	—	i 579
Murrain, a description of a fatal one to cattle on the Alps	—	iii 721
Myfia, boasts of harvests	—	i 149

N.

NAPÆAN race	—	iv 776
Naples	—	iv 815
Narcissus	—	iv 184
Narycian woods, of pitch	—	ii 614
Neptune	—	i 42
———	—	iv 567
Nereus	—	iv 564
Night (perpetual) beneath the Southern Sea	i	338
Nile	—	iii 43
———	—	iv 409
Niphates	—	iii 45
Nisæa	—	iv 484
Nisus	—	i 549

O.

OETROS, swarms of gad-flies so called by the Greeks	—	ii 238
---	---	--------

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Olive trees, thrive without care —	ii	39
———— bear fruit of different shapes —	ii	123
———— the figures of peace —	ii	593
Olympian groves —	iii	288
Opis — — — — —	iv	483
Orpheus — — — — —	iv	656
———— his story related — —	iv	669
———— mourned seven months for the loss		
of Eurydice — — —	iv	736
———— his death — — —	iv	758

P.

PALES — — — — —	iii	1
———— — — — —	iii	461
Pallas — — — — —	i	23
———— the inventor of fattening oil —	i	23
———— the founder of the plough — —	i	24
Pallenian port — — — — —	iv	561
Pan, the shepherds tutelary god —	i	19
———— — — — —	iii	601
Paphian myrtles, how raised — —	ii	90
Parian marble — — — — —	iii	54
Parthian — — — — —	iii	48
Peneus' banks — — — — —	iv	453
Peplos' ivory shoulder — — — —	iii	10
Persian arras, censured — — —	ii	650
Phanæus wine, king of Chian growth	ii	140
Phasis — — — — —	iv	524
Phocæ — — — — —	iii	808
Phœbe's light proper for mowing parched		
meads and stubble — — —	i	385
Phyllodoce — — — — —	iv	478
Pisa's flood — — — — —	iii	287
Pleiades — — — — —	iv	338
Plough, the materials of, and form described	i	250
Po — — — — —	ii	633
———— — — — —	iv	529

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Po, its tide impetuous — — —	ii	633
Pontus — — — — —	i	87
Præstan roses — — — — —	iv	179
— have a double spring — — —	iv	179
Prodigies, that preceded the death of Julius Cæsar — — —	i	634
Progne — — — — —	iv	19
Proserpine — — — — —	i	56
— — — — —	iv	701
Proteus — — — — —	iv	561
Psythian vines — — — — —	iv	388

R.

RAIN (approaching) known by various animals and birds — — —	i	516
Ravens, greet the sun on the appearance of fine weather — — —	i	560
Ræthean grape — — — — —	ii	136
Remus — — — — —	ii	778
Rhodian wine — — — — —	ii	143
Riphean race — — — — —	iii	586
Rivers (of Italy) enumerated — — —	ii	219
Roman (youth) derived from ruined Troy — — —	ii	531
Romans, adorned pine trees with earthen images of Bacchus, at their festivals, in honour of the vine — — —	ii	536
Rome — — — — —	ii	239
— (ancient) stood triumphant upon seven hills — — — — —	ii	783
Romulus — — — — —	i	669

S.

SABELLAN race, stout-built and strong — — —	ii	230
Sabines, the life they led — — —	ii	777
Saffron, the growth of Tmolos — — —	i	84
Saturn — — — — —	iii	145
— his rebel son usurped the skies — — —	ii	785

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Saturnian foil — — —	ii	241
Scipio had a double name — — —	ii	230
Scylla — — —	i	550
Scythian hills, one of the poles seen to rise there	i	331
— frost — — —	ii	161
— arrow — — —	iii	306
— shepherds — — —	iii	541
— winter piece — — —	iii	550
Seasons. See the General Index.		
— signs of good and bad, respecting husbandry — — —	i	342
Seeds. See the General Index.		
Seftian Shore — — —	iii	314
Signs to be observed by husbandmen — — —	i	295
— of the year, guided by Apollo — — —	i	320
— (starry) what precede stormy weather — — —	i	459
— denoting the various changes of the weather — — —	i	485
— of approaching rain — — —	i	515
— of dry weather after rain — — —	i	541
Sisyphus — — —	iii	65
Snake, description of one, peculiar to the woods of Calabria — — —	iii	647
Soils. See the General Index.		
Sowing. See the General Index.		
Spaniards, temper steel for war — — —	i	88
Spartan Pollux — — —	iii	142
Sphere, of the world, described — — —	i	322
Spio — — —	iv	477
Spring (the) gives life to the vegetable world — — —	ii	438
— described — — —	ii	444
— the season for offering gifts at the altar of Bacchus — — —	i	462
Storm, a description of one — — —	i	431
Story, of Orpheus and Eurydice related — — —	iv	696
Styrmonian crome — — —	i	179
Styrmon's freezing streams — — —	iv	738
Styx — — —	iv	688

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Subject (general) of the Georgics proposed	i	1
Summer (moist) favourable to tillage	i	145
Sun (the) his various appearance certain signs		
of the weather	i	587
(setting) variously, signs of the weather	i	601
reveals the secret of the sky	i	624
supposed, by Virgil, to foretell the fate		
of Julius Cæsar	i	628

T.

T ABURNUS, loves the shade of olive-trees	ii	52
Tanagrus	iii	242
Tantalus	iii	64
Tarentum	iv	186
's lawns	ii	271
Taygetus	iii	74
Tempe	iv	451
Tethys	i	44
Thalia	iv	485
Thrace	iii	143
	iii	542
Thracian matrons, Orpheus murdered by them	iv	754
Thule	i	41
Tiber	iv	526
Tigers, none in Italy	ii	207
Tithon	iii	82
Tmolus	i	84
produces saffron	i	84
Torches, made of the branches of unctuous trees	ii	603
Trees. See the General Index.		
Tros	iii	58
Troy	iii	59
Tuscan Tiber's course	i	671
Tyrian gown	iii	25
Tyrrhene tide	ii	226

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

V.

	Georg.	Ver.
V ENOMED race, methods to extirpate them	iii	626
Venus — — — —	iii	423
— — — — —	iv	769
Vesuvius, the lands round it fertile —	ii	306
Vines. See the General Index.		
— thrive by propagation —	ii	91
Viper, how destroyed — —	iii	637
Virgil, addresses Augustus Cæsar, and compliments him with divinity —	i	30
— invokes him to assist his work —	i	59
— recommends annual rites in honour of Ceres — — —	i	462
— supposes the sun to have foretold the death of Julius Cæsar —	i	628
— supplicates the gods for the safety of Augustus Cæsar, and the preservation of Rome — —	i	668
— calls himself the priest of the muses	ii	675
— compliments A. Cæsar —	iii	26
— relates the happiness of an old Corycian in retirement —	iv	188
— relates the art of restoring bees when the brood is intirely lost —	iv	403
— relates the fable of Aristæus —	iv	451

W.

W EATHER (warm) the proper employments of the husbandman in it — —	i	397
Weeds, cast malignant shadows —	i	181
Whorlbat — — — —	iii	30
Winds, their rising foreknown by certain signs	i	490
Winter. See the General Index.		
— the season for enjoying the fruits of the summer toils —	i	403

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

		Georg.	Ver.
Winter, a Scythian one described	—	iii	550
Woods (vegetable) various kinds	—	ii	118
World, its sphere explained	— —	i	322
— habitable, its situation	—	i	326
— supposed, by Virgil, to have been created in the spring	— —	ii	457
— the creation of it described	—	ii	460

Y.

YOUTH (Roman) derived from ruined Troy	ii	531
— the only time in which mortals live	iii	108
— the bliss of it fugitive	—	iii 109

GENERAL

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

GEORGICS.

The GEORGICS comprehend a System of the most material branches of AGRICULTURE and RURAL ARTS, under four distinct heads; *viz.* TILLAGE; PLANTING; KNOWLEDGE of ANIMALS; and the NATURE and MANAGEMENT of BEES.

N. B. *The figures mark the verse of each Book.*

GEORGIC I. Of TILLAGE, &c.

Lands.] **B**ARREN, require early tillage, 96; should not be ploughed deep, 101; should be burnt, 123. Watry lands should be tilled but seldom, 108. Lands, where tares and vetches have grown, will produce plentiful crops of corn the succeeding year, 112. Lands for grain should be drained from water, 169. The proper time for draining lands is the spring and autumn, 171.

GENERAL INDEX

- Soils.*] Those that are meagre by nature may be improved by the change of seed, 120.
- Ground.*] Fallow, requires sprinkling with ashes, and fattening dung, 119.
- Earth.*] The clods should be smoothed with harrows, or broke with rakes, after grain is sown, 138.
- Ploughing.*] The Spring a proper time for it, 69; also in Autumn, 300. Ploughing across the furrows profitable, 141.
- Sowing.*] The season for it; of wheat, 310; other sorts of seeds, 316.
- Grain.*] Of all kinds should be occasionally changed to avoid degeneration, 286.
- Seeds.*] How to sow particular sorts, 302. Should be covered as soon as sown, 152.
- Corn.*] When grown to the height of the furrows, should be cropped by sheep, to prevent a weakness of stalk, 165.
- Seasons.*] Summer, the proper employments of it, for the husbandman, 397. Winter, the employments suitable to it, 350; the time to thrash the wood for mast of oak, 409; other employments suitable to it, 411. A dry winter favourable to sown seeds, 145.

GEORGIC II. PLANTING, &c.

- Trees.*] What owe their birth from nature, 13. Raised from seeds, 19. Some require no root, 37. What may be grafted, 43. Those that advance to great heights are barren, 67. Barren ones capable of being grafted to bear, 71. Many that are barren by growing wild, improve and bear by being transplanted, 76. Such as spring from seeds, are slow of growth, 81. Their wildness may be tamed by art and labour, 85. What may be raised from cyons, 93. What sorts will receive grafts, 96. Trees know their respective countries, 162. What trees are peculiar to particular countries, 163. Hazle-trees are injurious to vineyards, 410. Apple trees require no props till over-

TO THE GEORGICS.

- loaded with fruit, 509. Trees of nature thrive uncultivated, 601. Barren trees, instances of their use, 622. Olive trees thrive without care, 39; their old stalks revive in plants, 89; require no dressing, 587.
- Planting.*] Of vines, rules for it, 351. Proper situation for planting vines, 368. All kinds of planting improper in cold weather, 430. Best to plant olive-trees in the spring, 594.
- Grafting.*] Requires knowledge of the different kinds of stocks, 46. The method described, 110.
- Pruning.*] When improper to prune vines, 500; when proper, 505. When pruning is necessary, 562.
- Vines.*] Thrive by propagation, 91.—Those of different countries produce grapes of different colours and shapes, 128. Thrive where fern grows, 262. What soil fit for them, 310. Rules to be observed in planting them, 351. Should be supported when young, 491. Not to be pruned too young, 500. Should be fenced from cattle, 511. Require dressing, 548.
- Lands.*] Forest, may be fit for grain, 288.
- Soils.*] What proper for particular plants and trees, 154. Poor, for what fit, 252. Where fern grows, fit for vines 262. Gravelly, fit for olive-trees and vines, 301. Other, fit for vines, 310.
- Earth.*] Fat and crumbling, fit for the plough, 280. Fit for seed, 284. Salt and bitter, fit for sowing, 323. What unfit for fruit-trees and vines, 325. What fit for arable, 321. Experiments to know its different qualities, 327.
- Plants.*] Observations concerning them, 475.
- Pasture.*] What fit for herds and sheep, 270—304.

GEORGIC III. OF ANIMALS, &c.

- Cattle.*] Their worth derived from the goodness of their dams, 86. Observations respecting the care necessary when young, 249. Should be trained to labour by degrees when young, 259. Should not propagate too soon, 326. Diseases to which they are subject, 670

GENERAL INDEX

- Horses.*] Signs to judge whether a colt will make a courser for the race, 118. What colours best, 127. What colours bad, 129. Horse for war described, 130. Breeding of horses, observations respecting it, 151—186. Stallions, how to manage them for breeding, 196. Mares, how to be managed for breeding, 208; how to manage them when with foal, 225. Warlike horse, how to be managed, 285.
- Cows.*] The true breed described, 87. The proper age for propagation, 99. When too old for it, 100. Observations respecting it, 103.
- Sheep.*] Observations for the management of them, 463. Their breed to be attended to for producing wool, 590. Ram, rules for judging whether he is fit for the flock, 596. Signs and causes of their sickness, 670. Rules to be observed after sheering, 680. The method of curing fevers in sheep, 699.
- Goats.*] How they are to be managed, 469. Their use, 477.
- Herds.*] Their declining vigour must be repaired annually by propagation, 112.
- Dogs.*] Observations respecting them, 616. Their use, 619.
- Milk.*] The manner in which flocks must be fed to produce plenty of it, 604.

GEORGIC IV. Of BEES, &c.

- Bees.*] Should be stationed in a quiet place, 10; sheltered from wind, 11; remote from cattle, 14; near a stream, 23. Lodge beneath the ground, 60; and in hollow trees, 62. Should not be placed near deep water, 65; nor near yeugh-trees, 66, nor near hollow rocks, 69. Their employment in summer, 71. When swarming, should be allured with scents, and called home by tinkling sounds, 83. They contend for empire, 93. Their battles described, 115. Their battles conducted by the king-bees, 109. Governed only by one monarch, 129. Their battles ended by a

TO THE GEORGICS.

cast of scattered dust, 131. They restore the lawful king his right, 134, and slay the wasteful prodigal, 135. The marks by which their ranks are distinguished, 138. Methods to bring them back when they loath the hive, 161. Their nature described, 220. Their conduct and government, 225. Their various stations and employments, 232—256. Drones expelled the hive, 241. Labour all the day, 273. Observe profound silence in the hives during the time of general rest, 278. Keep near their hives on the approach of wet, and stormy, weather, 280. Poise themselves with gravel stones, to steer their flight, in windy weather, 286. Have no nuptial rites, 289. Their genial powers fixed in their mouths, 292. Their lives do not exceed seven years, 302. Obey their king with servile awe, 307. The death of the king dissolves the government of the hive, 310. The king inspects into the labours of his subjects, 313. Their attention to their king, 314. Revenge the loss of their honey, 344. How they must be preserved in severe winters, 348. Symptoms of sickness, 368. Remedies for their sickness, 383. The art of renewing their breed when totally lost, 408.

Beehives.] Should be sheltered by trees, 25. Directions for making them, 47. Should be stopt tight from crevices, 63.

Honey.] The method of taking it from the hive, 335. To be taken twice a year, 337. Time of the first season, 338. Time of the second season, 340.

I N D E X
TO THE
Æ N E I S.

By Mr. P O T T E R.

N. B. *The Subject of each Book may be seen
by the ARGUMENT.*

P E R S O N S A N D T H I N G S.

A.

				Book.	Ver.
A	BBAS	—	—	i	173
	Abella	—	—	vii	1020
	Acestes	—	—	i	171
—	receives Æneas hospitably	—	—	v	48
—	reproaches Entellus for not entering into combat with Dares	—	—	v	513
—	enters the list of Archers			v	662
—	his arrow fired into flames by its swiftness			v	691
—	is presented with the prize by Æneis			v	704
	Achates, urges Æneas to discover himself to Dido			i	815

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Achates, sent by Æneas to the fleet to fetch Iulus with presents to Dido	i	911
Achæmenides, supplicates the Trojans	iii	786
Acheron	vi	410
Achilles	i	643
Acmon	x	188
Accetes	xi	45
—— attended the corps of his dead pupil Pallas	xi	123
Aconteus	ii	918
Acron	x	1014
Actium	viii	897
Actor	ix	665
Adrastus	vi	648
Ægean	x	791
Æneas, bewails the situation of the Trojan fleet in the storm	i	135
—— after landing at an African port, takes a view of the sea, in hope of discovering those vessels that were separated from him in the storm	i	256
—— encourages his people to endure their sufferings	i	277
—— with Achates, goes to survey the country	i	431
—— is met by Venus disguised as an huntress	i	434
—— inquires of her respecting the country	i	458
—— is resolved by her	i	465
—— tells her who he is	i	517
—— enters Carthage concealed in a cloud by the device of Venus	i	612
—— views the history of the fate of Troy on the walls of the Temple dedicated to Juno	i	639
—— weeps at the representation	i	644
—— sees his friends whom he thought lost	i	718
—— released from the cloud, addresses himself to Dido, and extols her hospitality	i	384

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas , embraces his friends — —	i	861
— sends Achates to the fleet to bring Iulus with presents for Dido —	i	911
— relates the history of the destruction of Troy, to Dido —	ii	17
— carried his father Anchises on his shoulders, from the flames of Troy; led his son Ascanius, and was followed by Creüsa —	ii	982
— lost Creüsa in his way from Troy to the ruins of the Temple of Ceres —	ii	1002
— returned to Troy in search of her —	ii	1015
— was met by the ghost of Creüsa, who warned him to submit to the decrees of the gods, and informed him of his future fate —	ii	1060
— returned to the temple and found his friends there, who with arms and treasure, resolved to submit themselves to his command and protection wherever fortune should direct —	ii	1082
— built his fleet of timber cut near Antandros, and at the foot of Mount Ida —	iii	7
— paid funeral honours to the ghost of Polydore —	iii	83
— inquired of the oracle what place the gods appointed for his habitation —	iii	114
— after landing at Crete, prepared to build a town —	iii	182
— was informed by his household gods, in a dream, of the true sense of the oracle —	iii	207
— his reply to Andromache —	iii	405
— his speech to Helenus —	iii	459
— was informed of his future state by Helenus —	iii	480
— his speech to Andromache —	iii	638

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas, while a hunting with Dido, is taken in a storm, and enters a cave with her, where he enjoys her, and is supposed to marry her — —	iv	240
—— his speech to Dido — —	iv	483
—— is warned by Mercury to leave Carthage — —	iv	803
—— sets sail with the Trojan fleet from Carthage — —	iv	838
—— saw the blaze of Dido's funeral pile	v	4
—— is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he lands —	v	43
—— exhorts his people to celebrate the memory of Anchises with divine honours — —	v	59
—— institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes to the victors — —	v	85
—— his address to his father's ghost —	v	106
—— is surprised by a serpent from the tomb of Anchises —	v	112
—— puts an end to the combat betwixt Dares and Entellus — —	v	615
—— prays Jupiter to stop the burning of the Trojan fleet —	v	901
—— is advised by Nautes to build a city for the Trojan women, and such as were unfit to follow the war, and to call it Acesta, from Acestes —	v	928
—— is visited by the ghost of Anchises, who advises him to follow the counsel of Nautes —	v	946
—— plans a city — —	v	948
—— sets sail for Italy — —	v	1011
—— grieved for the loss of his pilot Palinurus	v	1133
—— lands at the country of the Sybil	vi	5
—— visits the Sybil — —	vi	12
—— his address to Apollo —	vi	87
—— is informed by the Sybil of the adventures he should meet with in Italy	vi	129

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS. .

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas, intreats the Sybil to conduct him to Hell — —	vi	162
— mourns for the fate of Misenus —	vi	257
— is directed by Venus's doves to the tree bearing the golden branch	vi	281
— gathers the branch and carries it to the palace of the Sybil —	vi	303
— sets out for Hell, accompanied by the Sibyl — —	vi	336
— sees the shades of many of his departed friends, wandering on the Stygian shore — —	vi	455
— is accosted by Charon —	vi	526
— is received into Charon's boat on the Sibyl's shewing the golden branch	vi	548
— after passing the Stygian lake, enters the mournful fields, where he sees the shades of many of his friends	vi	602
— sees the ghost of Dido —	vi	610
— speaks to it — —	vi	618
— visits the shades of departed warriors	vi	645
— meets the ghost of Priam's son Deiphobus — —	vi	666
— arrives at the palace of Pluto, and fixes the golden branch over the portico — —	vi	866
— enters the blissful seats —	vi	867
— meets the ghost of Anchises —	vi	930
— discourses with it, on the sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration, and is shewn the race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity — —	vi	976&c.
— quits the shades below, returns to the fleet, and sails to Cajeta —	vi	1245
— nursed in his infancy by Cajeta, from whom the promontory and town is named — —	vii	4

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Æneas paid funeral honours to the memory		
of her — — —	vii	7
—— quits Cajeta — — —	vii	8
—— remarks (from an observation of As-		
canius) that the prophesy of An-		
chises was fulfilled —	vii	162
—— sends a band of Trojan youths with		
presents to King Latinus, to so-		
licit peace, and leave for the Tro-		
jans to settle in Italy —	vii	205
—— is troubled with anxious thoughts for		
the event of the war —	viii	28
—— is informed by the god of the Tiber		
(in a dream) of the future event of		
the war — — —	viii	50
—— sees the white swine with her thirty		
young ones, as described by the		
prophesy, and offers them at the		
altar of Juno — — —	viii	111
—— sets sail for Palanteum, to solicit suc-		
cours of king Evander —	viii	121
—— arrives there, and addresses the king	viii	168
—— is conducted by Evander, and his son		
Pallas, to view the city —	viii	410
—— doubted of the success of the war,		
till encouraged by a prodigy of		
arms, and the sound of martial in-		
struments in the sky, devised by		
Venus — — —	viii	692
—— performs rites to Hercules —	viii	719
—— his horse and dress, presented to him		
by Evander, described —	viii	730
—— sets out for the war with his forces	viii	773
—— is presented by Venus with the fated		
arms and shield, prepared by Vul-		
can — — —	viii	808
—— in his return to his army, is surrounded		
by a choir of Nereids, once ships		
in the Trojan fleet —	x	312

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Æneas, on landing his troops, begins the war	x	429
— warns Lausus to shun danger	x	1149
— wept over Lausus after he had killed him	x	1165
— erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius	xi	8
— grants a truce for burying the dead	xi	33
— sends the body of Pallas, with great funeral pomp, to Evander	xi	40
— grants a truce of peace for twelve days	xi	159
— moves his camp near the city while the Latins are assembled in council	xi	684
— prays to the gods, before he engages with Turnus	xii	266
— is wounded by an arrow	xii	482
— from the effect of his wound, is forced to leave the field	xii	566
— is miraculously cured by Venus	xii	607
— encourages Ascanius, by his example, to pursue the art of war	xii	644
— orders his forces to attack the city	xii	825
— engages with Turnus in single combat	xii	1034
— upbraids Turnus with cowardice	xii	1286
— wounds him	xii	1335
— sees the golden belt taken by Turnus from Pallas	xii	1365
— kills Turnus	xii	1375
Æolus, raises a storm to prevent the arrival of the Trojan fleet in Italy, at the request of Juno	i	120
Æthon	ii	131
Ætna	iii	747
Agamemnon	i	642
Agragas	iii	924
Agrippa	viii	903
Agyllia, the ancient name of Cære	viii	627
Ajax	ii	563
Alba-longa	i	368
Albano	xii	206

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS:

	Book	Ver.
Albula, the ancient name of the Tiber	viii	439
Alcander	ix	1032
Alcanor	ix	915
Alcathous	x	1052
Alcides	vii	916
—— detected the theft of Cacus	viii	285
Alæan twins	vi	784
Alecto	vii	451
—— excites Turnus to wage war with the Trojans	vii	634
Alethes	i	172
Allia	vii	993
Almon, his death	vii	741
Alfus	xii	461
Amata	vii	482
—— her address to Latinus	vii	501
—— persuades Turnus not to engage with Æneas in single combat	xii	88
—— hangs herself	xii	882
Amascene	xi	825
Amastus	xi	997
Amicus	xii	739
Ammon	iv	288
Amsanctus, the lake so called, described	vii	778
Amycla	x	790
Amycus	ix	1042
Anagnia	vii	947
Anchemolus	x	543
Anchises	i	871
—— wished to add his funeral to the fate of Troy	ii	863
—— from an omen, solicited Æneas to leave the flames of Troy, and with his family and household gods, seek a place of safety	ii	950
—— interpreted the answer of the oracle to the Trojans	iii	139
—— perceived his mistake of the oracle's answers	iii	240

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Anchises, recollected the prophecies of Cassandra	iii	244
—— his memory celebrated with divine honours, by the Trojans	v	59
—— his ghost visits Æneas	v	946
—— informs Æneas of his future fate	vi	1231
Ancus	vi	1115
Androgeos	ii	500
Andromache	iii	384
—— her address to Æneas	iii	401
—— her speech to Æneas	iii	415
—— made presents to the Trojans	iii	622
Angitian woods, remembered the fate of Umbro the priest	vii	1041
Anien	vii	945
Anius, received Anchises with friendship	iii	106
Anna	iv	11
—— her speech to Dido	iv	42
Antandros	iii	7
Antæus	x	783
Antemnæ	vii	872
Antheus	i	257
Anthores	x	1104
Antiphates	ix	944
Antonius	viii	907
Antronus	x	1067
Anubis	viii	927
Anus	xi	1034
Anxur	x	763
Apollo	iii	163
——	vi	87
—— encourages Ascanius to glory	ix	876
Appenine	xii	1021
Araxes	viii	970
Arcens	ix	790
Archetius	xii	675
Archippus	vii	1033
Ardea	vii	873
Arethusa	iii	912

INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Argive	vi	669
Argos	i	24
Argus' death	viii	455
Aricia, bore Virbius, the son of Hippolytus in the Egerian groves	vii	1045
Arisba	ix	350
Argyripa	xi	377
Aruncans	vii	1005
Aruns	xi	1121
Afcanius,	i	364
_____	i	390
_____ headed a troop of horse at the games in honour of the memory of Anchises	v	745
_____ reproves the Trojan matrons for setting fire to the fleet	v	876
_____ an observation of his	vii	159
_____ accompanied with the Trojan youths, hunts a stag, belonging to Tyrr- heus, which being killed by him, occasions the war between the Trojans and Latins	vii	687
_____ kills Numanus	ix	868
Afium	x	247
Afius	x	188
Aftur	x	261
Aftyanax	iii	632
Afylas	ix	775
Até	x	1079
Athamas	ii	342
Athos	xii	1020
Atinas	xii	808
Atis, led the second troop of horse at the games in honour of Anchises	v	711
Atlas	i	1039
Atreus	vii	172
Aufidus	xi	626
Aulestes	xii	437
Auletes	x	296
Aufonia	viii	14

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Automedon	ii	649
Aventine	vii	920
Aventinus	vii	907

B.

BACCHUS	i	1026
Barce	iv	910
Bellona	viii	933
Belus	i	1019
Beroe	v	805
Bitias	i	1034
Bola	vi	1051
Boreas	i	147
Briareus	vi	401
Brutes	v	493
Butes	xi	1019
Buthrotus	iii	379
Butis	xii	540

C.

CACUS	viii	258
— his overthrow described	viii	285
Cadicus	x	1052
Cæneas	ix	778
Cæculus	x	757
Cæsar	viii	899
Caicus	i	257
Cajeta, so called from Æneas's nurse	vii	3
Calchas	ii	135
Cales	vii	1008
Calibe	vii	589
Calliope	ix	696
Calydon	vii	424
Camilla	vii	1094
—	xi	758
— engages in the war	xi	809
— her appearance and valour described	xi	962
— is wounded	xi	1175

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Camilla, her death described — — —	xi	1203
Cammillus — — —	vi	1132
Capys, objected to the admission of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy	ii	46
Carians — — —	viii	965
Carmarine — — —	iii	920
Carmentel — — —	viii	446
Carthage — — —	i	19
—— its situation and inhabitants described — —	i	468
—— the building described — —	i	585
Cassandra, foretold the fate of Troy on the admission of the wooden horse —	ii	323
—— the Greeks barbarity to her —	ii	544
Castor — — —	x	191
Cataline — — —	viii	886
Catillus — — —	vii	932
Cato — — —	vi	1156
Cedicus — — —	ix	489
Celceno, her address to the Trojans —	iii	324
Centaurs — — —	viii	389
Cerberus — — —	vi	564
Ceres — — —	iv	78
Cethegus — — —	xii	746
Chaonia, called so after Chaon — —	iii	333
——'s port, the Trojans landed there	iii	378
Charon — — —	vi	413
—— rejected the ghosts of such as had not received funeral rites —	vi	445
Charybdis — — —	iii	734
Chimæra — — —	vi	403
Chloerus — — —	xi	1131
Chorinæus — — —	vi	237
Choroebus — — —	ii	461
Chromys — — —	xi	1000
Ciminia — — —	vii	960
Cinyras — — —	x	275
Circe — — —	vii	260
Cisseus — — —	v	705

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Clarus	x	190
Clauius	vii	973
Cloanthus	i	719
conqueror in the naval games	v	319
Clelia	viii	866
Clonius	ix	780
Cluentius	v	163
Clytius	ix	1044
Cocles	viii	864
Cocytus	vi	412
Coere	x	264
Coras	vii	932
Corinth	vi	1149
Coritum	vii	286
Coritus	x	1014
Cosa	x	247
Cossus	vi	1157
Crete, (the island) fruitful	iii	141
Cretus	ix	1045
Creüsa	ii	813
Crinifus	v	52
Cumæ	iii	561
Cupavo	x	268
Cupentus	xii	792
Cupid personates Iulus, and carries presents to Dido at the request of Venus	i	975
inflames Dido with love for Æneas	i	1006
Cybel	vii	189
Cybele	iii	152
Cyclades	iii	174
Cyclops	i	280
	iii	809
	vi	858
their abode described	viii	551
forged the armour of Æneas	viii	583
Cycnus	x	273
Cydon	x	449
Cyllenius	i	408
Cymodoæ	x	318

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Cymothoe	i	205
Cynthus	iv	210
Cypruss	i	880
Cythera	i	956

D.

D ANAE	vii	572
Dardanus	iii	225
Dares	v	486
Daris	xii	540
Daunus	xii	1354
Delos	iii	198
Deiopeia	i	110
Deiphobe	vi	55
Deiphobus	ii	417
Demodochus	x	580
Demoleus	v	339
Demophoon	xi	999
Dercennus	xi	1235
Diana	vi	59
Dido	i	469
— her story related	i	472
— built a temple at Carthage, dedicated to Juno	i	625
— gave protection to the Trojans	i	790
— inquired the cause of Æneas's shipwreck	i	870
— conducted Æneas to her palace, and entertained the Trojans	i	893
— ratified a peace between the Trojans and Tyrians	i	1020
— requests Æneas to relate the history of his adventures after the siege of Troy	i	1058
— discovers her passion for Æneas, to Anna	iv	11
— offered sacrifices to different deities, to detain Æneas at Carthage	iv	76
— the effects of her love for Æneas described	iv	93

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Dido prepared a hunting-match for Æneas	iv	164
— while a hunting with Æneas, is taken in a storm, raised by Juno, and seeks shelter with him in a cave, where she discovered her love for him, and he is supposed to enjoy her	iv	240
— reproaches Æneas with infidelity	iv	441
— uses various arts to detain him	iv	599
— sends her sister Anna to solicit his stay	iv	608
— is encouraged to revenge the slights of Æneas, by her own death, by portents and prodigies	iv	655
— resolves on her death	iv	687
— grew frantic when she found that Æneas had set sail from Carthage	iv	846
— kills herself	iv	951
Didymaon	v	472
Dindymus	ix	845
Diomedes	i	659
Diores	v	422
Diræ	xii	1229
Dodano	v	352
Dolon	xii	522
Donyfa	iii	172
Doriclus	v	806
Doris	iii	100
Dotis	ix	119
Drances	xi	183
Dryads	iii	45
Dryops	x	480
Dymas	ii	459

E.

Ebusus killed by Choringæus	xii	459
Electra	viii	179
Elis	vi	792
Eliza	iv	146

INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Elorus — — —	iii	917
Elyfium, Æneas (accompanied by the Sibyl) enters there —	vi	867
Enos (the city) so called by Æneas —	iii	28
Enceladus, his fate — —	iii	755
— feigned to be the cause of the eruptions of Mount Ætna —	iii	759
Entellus, reproached by Acestes —	v	515
— engages with Dares, and conquers	v	560
Epeus — — — —	ii	345
Epulon — — — —	xii	675
Equiculus — — — —	ix	931
Erato — — — —	vii	52
Erebus — — — —	iv	739
Ericetes — — — —	x	1056
Eriphyle — — — —	vi	602
Erymanthus — — — —	v	600
— killed by Turnus —	ix	950
Eryx — — — —	v	521
Etruria — — — —	vii	897
Eumedes — — — —	xii	520
Eumenius — — — —	xi	987
Euphrates — — — —	viii	968
Euristheus — — — —	viii	338
Eurus — — — —	i	159
Euryalus — — — —	v	421
— goes with Nisus to recall Æneas	ix	414
— instances of his valour —	ix	460
— took the caparison from the horse of slaughtered Rhamnes —	ix	485
— finds the helmet of Messapus, and puts it on — —	ix	497
— is discovered by the helmet by Volscens —	ix	507
— is taken prisoner — —	ix	537
— is slain by Volscens — —	ix	579
Euryphylus — — — —	ii	159
Eurytion — — — —	v	678
Evadne — — — —	vi	606

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Evander — — —	viii	70
— receives the Trojans hospitably	viii	205
— invites Æneas to an annual feast in honour of Hercules —	viii	223
— relates the thefts of Cacus and his overthrow — —	viii	269
— offers Æneas the assistance of his forces and son —	viii	679
— presents him with a horse for the war	viii	730
— his distress on seeing his dead son	xi	224
— desires that Æneas will revenge the death of Pallas on Turnus	xi	274
Evas — — —	x	994

F.

FABARIS — — —	vii	989
Fabritius — — —	vi	1062
Fadus, killed by Euryalus —	ix	463
Faunus, the guardian god of the Latins	xii	1113
Feronia — — —	vii	971
Fidenæ — — —	vi	1050
Fleet (the Trojan) sets sail for Italy —	i	50
— combats the storm raised by Æolus	i	148
Foruli — — —	vii	989

G.

GALESUS — — —	vii	746
Ganges — — —	ix	36
Ganymede — — —	i	70
Garamantis — — —	iv	286
Gela — — —	iii	923
Geryon — — —	vi	402
Gorgons — — —	vi	402
Gravisca — — —	x	263

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Greece	i	35
Greeks, their treachery represented in the person of Sinon	ii	84
Gyas	i	306
Gyges, his death	ix	1026
Gyllippus	xii	410

H.

H ALESUS	vii	1000
instances of his valour	x	580
Halius	x	1032
Halys	ix	1030
Harpalice	i	441
Harpalicus	xi	999
Harpies, their abode described	iii	277
their forms described	iii	262
are attacked by the Trojans	iii	315
Hæmon	ix	932
Hæmonides	x	747
killed by Æneas	x	754
Hebefus	ix	463
Hebrus	x	986
Hecate	iv	740
Hector	i	141
his body dragged thrice round the walls of Troy by Achilles, after he had slain him	i	676
his fate solemnized by Andromache	iii	389
his ghost appeared to Æneas	ii	352
acquainted him of the fate of Troy, and advised his flight	ii	381
foretold him his future fortune	ii	391
Hecuba	ii	704
Helen, the bane of Greece and Troy	ii	779
Helenus	iii	381
succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne	iii	383

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Helenus received Æneas and the Trojans with friendship — — — —	iii	446
——— prophesied concerning the future for- tune of Æneas — — — —	iii	480
——— presented him with presents, and the helm of Pyrrhus, and supplied the fleet — — — —	iii	594
Helenor — — — —	ix	728
Helicon — — — —	vii	888
Helymus — — — —	v	94
——— — — — —	v	394
——— came in second in the foot-race	v	422
Hercules. (See Alcides) — — — —	viii	265
——— discovered the theft of Cacus	viii	285
——— h's labours recorded — — — —	viii	383
——— mourned at the vain request of Pallas	x	655
Hermes. (See Cyllenius, and Mercury)	i	408
Herminius — — — —	xi	952
Hermus — — — —	vii	996
Hernices — — — —	vii	946
Hesperia — — — —	iii	221
——— the soil fruitful, the natives bold	iii	222
——— once held by the Oenotrians	iii	223
——— now called Italy — — — —	iii	224
Hiarba, rejected by Dido — — — —	iv	295
Hiera — — — —	ix	915
Hilioneus, kills Lucetius — — — —	ix	771
Hillus — — — —	xii	784
Himella — — — —	vii	987
Hipanis — — — —	ii	459
Hippocoon — — — —	v	655
Hippolitus — — — —	vii	1043
——— his story — — — —	vii	1049
Hisbon — — — —	x	538
Hydaspes — — — —	x	1053
Hydra — — — —	vi	778
Hymen — — — —	iv	159
Hyrtacus — — — —	ix	223

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

Book. Ver.

J.

JANUS	—	—	—	—	i	402
—	—	—	—	—	vii	245
Iäpis	—	—	—	—	xii	577
—	discovers the cause of Æneas's wounds	—	—	—	xii	628
—	healing	—	—	—	xii	628
Iarbas	—	—	—	—	iv	51
Jafius	—	—	—	—	iii	225
Icarus	—	—	—	—	vi	47
Ida (mount)	part of the Trojan fleet built	—	—	—	iii	7
—	with trees cut from thence	—	—	—	ix	781
—	(the mother of Nifus) killed	—	—	—	vi	653
Idæus	—	—	—	—	iii	167
Idomeneus	—	—	—	—	iii	515
—	—	—	—	—	i	371
Ilia	—	—	—	—	i	172
Ilioneus	—	—	—	—	i	734
—	addresses Dido in behalf of the Trojans	—	—	—	vii	291
—	his reply to Latinus	—	—	—	iii	16
Ilium	—	—	—	—	x	253
Ilva (the isle of)	famous for steel and unex-	—	—	—	x	560
—	hausted mines	—	—	—	vii	521
Ilus	—	—	—	—	vii	1077
Inachus	—	—	—	—	xi	951
Iö	—	—	—	—	xii	796
Iolas	—	—	—	—	i	1038
Iölus	—	—	—	—	i	1040
Iopas	—	—	—	—	ii	457
—	the subject of his song	—	—	—	iv	996
Jove. (See Jupiter)	—	—	—	—	iv	1004
Iphitus	—	—	—	—	v	787
Iris, is sent by Juno to cut the fatal lock, and	—	—	—	—	v	810
—	relieve Dido from the pangs of death	—	—	—	ix	2
—	her descent described	—	—	—		
—	is sent by Juno to the Trojan matrons	—	—	—		
—	assumes the form of Beroë, and persuades	—	—	—		
—	them to set fire to the Trojan fleet	—	—	—		
—	is sent to Turnus	—	—	—		

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Iris forms a rainbow in her flight	ix	16
Ischia	ix	968
Ismarus	x	207
Italia. (See Italy)		
Italus	vii	244
Italy	i	57
—	i	651
—	iii	224
Ithaca	iii	804
Ithacus	ii	176
Iulus. (See Ascanius)	i	365
Juno	i	23
— solicits Æolus to raise a storm to sink the Trojan fleet	i	97
— marriage ascribed to her	iv	80
— her address to Venus	iv	134
— she is dissatisfied with the alliance of Latinus with the Trojans	vii	395
— sends Ælecto to possess the queen against the alliance	vii	460
— her answer to Venus in the council	x	95
— her device to draw Turnus from engaging with Æneas in single combat	x	900
— from the heavens surveys the state of the war	x	1078
— her reply to Jupiter	xii	1177
Jupiter, his reply to the address of Venus	i	350
— sends Mercury to secure safety and protection for the Trojans at Carthage	i	408
— sends him to warn Æneas from Carthage	iv	327
— answers the petition of Ascanius	ix	863
— calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party	x	1
— breaks up the council	x	159
— his remark to Hercules	x	557
— his conference with Juno	x	856
— his address to Juno	xii	1147

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Juturna — — — —	x	618
— assumes the form of Camertus, and		
— reproaches the Rutulians —	xii	346
— assumes also the form of Metiscus	xii	690
— as Metiscus, restores Turnus his sword	xii	1134
— her distress for the determined fate of		
— Turnus — — — —	xii	1260
Ixion — — — —	vi	814

L.

LADDES — — — —	xii	517
Ladon — — — —	x	580
Lagus — — — —	x	533
Lamus — — — —	ix	450
Lamyrus — — — —	ix	450
Laocoon — — — —	ii	52
— exhorted the Trojans to guard against		
— the treachery of the Greeks —	ii	54
— threw his spear into the side of the		
— wooden horse —	ii	64
— killed by serpents — —	ii	285
— the cause of his death —	ii	301
Laodamia — — — —	vi	606
Larina — — — —	xi	972
Laris — — — —	x	546
Latagus — — — —	x	987
Latinus — — — —	vii	68
— receives the Trojans in his palace	vii	268
— examines into their wants —	vii	270
— enters into an alliance with them, and		
— sends presents to Æneas, and an		
— offer of his daughter —	vii	354, &c.
— perceives that the war will not cease		
— till Æneas weds Lavinia —	xi	355
— his address to the council respecting		
— the war — — — —	xi	463
— persuades Turnus to relinquish his		
— claim to Lavinia — —	xii	31

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Latinus ratifies a peace	xii	292
Latium	i	286
Lavinia	vi	1037
—— addressed by Turnus	vii	83
—— her future fortune foretold by an omen	vii	107
—— laments the death of the queen	xii	885
Lavinium	i	367
Laurentum, why so called	vii	93
Lausus	vii	899
—— receives the crest and helmet of Palmus	x	993
—— his piety to his father	x	1121
—— is killed by Æneas	x	1162
Leucaspis, his spirit met by Æneas	vi	457
Leucate	iii	355
—— a temple of Apollo there	iii	356
Liger	ix	775
—— his threats to Æneas	x	816
Linceus	ix	1035
Lucagus	x	810
Lucetius, killed by Hilioneus	ix	771
Lycaon	ix	408
Lycas, his extraordinary birth	x	437
Lycian crew, perish in the bank of Orontes	i	162
Lycimnia	vii	32
Lycurgas	iii	20
Lycus	i	306
——	ix	728
Lyris	xi	591
Lyrnessus	xii	800

M.

MÆON	x	466
Mæotian Lake	vi	1088
Maja	viii	184
Magus, begs Æneas to spare him	x	729
—— is killed	x	746

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Manlius — — — — —	viii	867
Manto — — — — —	x	287
Mantua (the city) built by Ocnus, and named after his mother — — — — —	x	288
Marcellus — — — — —	vi	1180
Marcia, the mother of king Latinus — — — — —	vii	71
Mars — — — — —	i	372
Medon — — — — —	vi	651
Megara — — — — —	iii	905
Memnon — — — — —	i	686
Menætes — — — — —	v	213
Menæus — — — — —	xii	752
Menelaus — — — — —	ii	344
Mercury. (See Cyllenius and Hermes)		
—— is sent by Jupiter to warn Æneas from Carthage — — — — —	iv	350
—— the power of his wand — — — — —	iv	356
Meropes — — — — —	ix	951
Messapus — — — — —	vii	955
—— headed the troops of Turnus — — — — —	viii	9
—— — — — —	ix	931
—— his helmet found by Euryalus — — — — —	ix	497
Mezentius — — — — —	vii	895
—— maintains the war in the absence of Turnus — — — — —	x	977
—— triumphs over Orodes, slain — — — — —	x	1039
—— laments the death of his son Lausus — — — — —	x	1206
—— his address to his horse — — — — —	x	1231
—— addresses Æneas — — — — —	x	1257
—— engages Æneas in single combat — — — — —	x	1264
—— Æneas wounds his horse and is thrown — — — — —	x	1276
—— his death — — — — —	x	1310
—— Æneas erects a trophy to the god of war with his spoils — — — — —	xi	12
Metabus — — — — —	xi	815
Metiscus — — — — —	xi	690
Metius — — — — —	viii	854
—— his fate — — — — —	viii	854
Mincius — — — — —	x	294

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Minerva, assisted the Greeks in fabricating the wooden horse for the destruc- tion of Troy — — — —	ii	19
— — — — —	xi	402
Misenus — — — — —	iii	313
his dead body found by Æneas and Achates — — — —	vi	242
the cause of his death — — —	vi	254
receives funeral honours from the Trojans — — — —	vi	306
the place of his interment named after him — — — —	vi	335
Mnestheus — — — — —	v	154
declared second victor in the naval game — — — —	v	337
receives a coat of mail as a reward	v	339
draws the second lot among the archers	v	657
his arrow cut the string that fastened the dove on the top of the mast	v	675
receives the second prize — —	v	712
Morini — — — — —	viii	972
Mulciber — — — — —	vii	895
— — — — —	viii	964
Murranus — — — — —	xii	776
Mycenæ — — — — —	ii	257
Mymus — — — — —	x	994
Myrtles weeping blood — — —	iii	39
— — — — —	iii	53
— — — — — why — — — —	iii	57

N.

NAR, (the lake) sulphureous — —	vii	720
Nafia — — — — —	vii	1027
Nautes, counsels Æneas — — —	v	928
Naxos, famed for vintage — — —	iii	171
Nealces — — — — —	x	1069
Neptune — — — — —	i	176

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Neptune	ii	827
rebukes the winds for raising a storm on the Trojan fleet, at the re- quest of Juno	i	188
calms the tempest	i	203
his reply to Venus	v	1045
grants her request	v	1065
Nereids (once Trojan gallies) surround Æne- as's vessel	x	312
Nereus	ii	569
Neritos	iii	352
Nile	ix	36
Niphæus	x	803
Nifus	v	385
first in the foot-race	v	418
fell as he had nearly approached the goal	v	428
caught the foot of Salius as he passed, and threw him down, by which means his friend Euryalus gained the prize	v	437
addresses Æneas, and receives a shield, notwithstanding his fall	v	461
watched the city-gate	ix	221
his proposal to Euryalus	ix	235
dissuades him from accompanying him to recal Æneas	ix	266
addresses the council	ix	309
goes to recal Æneas	ix	414
kills Rhamnes and his slaves, asleep	ix	440
kills Rhemus, his armour-bearer, and his charioteer	ix	441
kills Lamus and Lamyus	ix	450
persuades Euryalus to put an end to the slaughter	ix	477
escapes from the enemy	ix	523
misses Euryalus	ix	528
returns to rescue him	ix	531
kills Sulmo and Tagus	ix	554
solicits for the life of Euryalus	ix	571

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

Book. Ver.

Nisus, after being slain himself, seeks the dead body of Euryalus, and expires on it	ix	953
— his head, with that of Euryalus, ex- posed on a spear to the Trojans, by order of Turnus	ix	619
Nomentum	vi	1051
Numanus, killed by Ascanius	ix	806
Numicus	vii	201
Numitor	vi	1042
—	x	475

O.

Ocnus	x	285
Oebalus	vii	1014
Oenotrians	i	750
— once the inhabitants of Hesperia	iii	223
Olive tree, the prodigy of one cut down by the Trojans in the grove of Faunus	xii	1111
Onythes	xii	747
Opis	xi	1237
Orestes	iii	428
— slew Pyrrhus in the temple of Apollo	iii	430
Orion	iii	677
—	x	1084
Orithia	xii	130
Ornithus	xi	1003
Orodes	x	1031
Orontes, his bark perished in the storm raised by Æolus	i	162
Orfilochus	xi	945
— slain by Camilla	xi	1033
Ortygius, slain by Cæneas	ix	778
Osea	vii	1008
Ofinius	x	923
Osiris	xii	674

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

P.					Book.	Ver.
PACHYNUS	—	—	—	—	iii	448
—	—	—	—	—	iii	918
Pactolus	—	—	—	—	x	211
Palamedes	—	—	—	—	ii	104
Palanteum	—	—	—	—	viii	72
Palicus	—	—	—	—	ix	794
Palinurus	—	—	—	—	iii	264
—	makes observations on the storm, and discovers Sicily				v	19
—	deceived by sleep, falls overboard				v	116
—	his ghost relates the story of his death to Æneas				vi	473
Pallas, sent two serpents to destroy Laocoon and his children, for endeavouring to discover the treachery of the wooden horse	—	—	—	—	ii	270
— the Latins implore her aid	—	—	—	—	xi	369
Pallas (the son of Evander) hails the Trojans on their approaching Palanteum, and inquires the reason of their coming	—	—	—	—	viii	150
— receives them with friendship	—	—	—	—	viii	161
— goes to the war with Æneas	—	—	—	—	viii	776
— instances of his valour	—	—	—	—	x	510
— his address to Turnus	—	—	—	—	x	630
— prepares to engage him in single combat	—	—	—	—	x	646
— is killed by Turnus	—	—	—	—	x	680
— his dead body is sent home to Evander with great solemnity	—	—	—	—	xi	90
Palmus	—	—	—	—	x	987
Pan	—	—	—	—	viii	454
— his perfidy to oblige Pallas	—	—	—	—	v	659
Pandarus	—	—	—	—	ix	914
— his death	—	—	—	—	ix	1015
Panopea	—	—	—	—	v	313

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Panopes — — —	v	394
Pantagias — — —	iii	903
Pantheus, the priest of Apollo —	ii	429
Paphos — — —	i	575
Paris — — —	i	39
— — —	ii	817
— — —	x	997
Paros — — —	iii	173
Parthenius — — —	x	1055
Pasiyhæe, her story related —	vi	33
— — —	vi	604
Patron, one of the racers —	v	390
Pegasus — — —	xi	991
Pelias — — —	ii	592
Pelides (or Achilles) — —	ii	354
Pelorus — — —	iii	525
Peneleus — — —	ii	576
— — —	ii	342
Penthesilea — — —	i	688
— — —	xi	979
Pentheus — — —	iv	681
Pergamus — — —	iii	183
— — —	iii	434
— — —	x	89
Peridia — — —	xii	748
Periphanthes, tutor to Ascanius —	v	715
Periphas — — —	ii	649
Petilia — — —	iii	515
Phaëton, beloved by Cycnus —	x	273
Phalaris — — —	ix	1027
Pharos, killed by Æneas —	x	447
Phæacia — — —	iii	376
Phædra's ghost meets Æneas in the mournful fields — —	vi	605
Phoenix — — —	ii	38
Phegeus — — —	xii	550
Pheneus — — —	viii	222
Pheres — — —	x	580
Philoctetes — — —	iii	516

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Phlegethon — — — —	vi	741
— innavigable — — — —	ix	122
Phlegias — — — —	vi	842
Phœbus — — — —	ii	581
— discloses the future fate of the Trojans	iii	127
Pholoe — — — —	v	371
Phorbas, his form supposed to be assumed by the god of sleep, to deceive Palinurus	v	1096
Phorcus — — — —	v	312
Picus — — — —	vii	72
— built the palace of Latinus — —	vii	229
— his image described — —	vii	256
Pilumnus — — — —	x	875
Pirithous — — — —	vi	814
Pisans — — — —	x	260
Pleiades (the) — — — —	iii	675
Plemmyrium — — — —	iii	908
Pluto — — — —	vi	725
— his palace described — —	vi	856
Po — — — —	vi	893
Podalirius — — — —	xii	460
Polites, killed by Pyrrhus — —	ii	725
Pollux — — — —	vi	181
Polydore, his shade speaks to Æneas —	iii	59
— warns Æneas to quit Thrace	iii	64
— his fate — — — —	iii	79
Polypheme, the revenge of Ulysses on him	iii	824
— described — — — —	iii	865
Pometia — — — —	vi	1051
Pomptina (the lake) — — — —	vii	1094
Populonia (the city) sent six hundred men to assist Æneas — — — —	x	251
Porfena — — — —	viii	857
Portunos — — — —	v	314
Potitius (the priest) ordained annual rites to Hercules, for overthrowing Cacus	viii	357
Præneste — — — —	vii	938
Priam — — — —	i	642

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Priam, purchased Hector's body of Achilles	i	678
— ordered Sinon's fetters to be loosed	ii	197
— was killed by Pyrrhus	ii	758
— his grandson led the first troop of horse at the games in honour of Anchises	v	734
Privernum	xi	816
Privernus, the particulars of his death	ix	782
Procas	vi	1041
Prochyta	ix	968
Procris	vi	602
Prodigy of myrtles weeping blood	iii	39
—	iii	53
— of the Trojan ships changed to sea- nymphs	ix	140
— of an olive-tree in the grove of Faunus	xii	1119
Proserpine	iv	1002
Prytanis	ix	1032
Pygmalion	iv	61
Pyrgi	x	265
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's race	v	842
— discovers the deception of Iris	v	845
Pyrrhus	ii	342
—	ii	639
— forsook Andromache, and gave her to Helenus	iii	426
— slain by Orestes in the Temple of Apollo	iii	430

Q.

QUERCENS	ix	930
Quirinus (or Romulus)	i	400

R.

R ^{APO}	x	1055
Remulus	ix	490
—	xi	946

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Remus — — — —	i	400
Rhadamanthus — — — —	vi	764
Rhamnes — — — —	ix	435
—— slain by Nifus — — — —	ix	440
Rhæteus — — — —	x	559
Rhea — — — —	vii	921
Rhemus — — — —	ix	441
—— killed by Nifus — — — —	ix	446
Rhefus — — — —	i	657
Rhæbus, (Mezentius' horse) addressed by his master on the death of Lausus	x	1231
Rhætus — — — —	ix	463
—— slain by Eurylaus — — — —	ix	471
Rhine — — — —	viii	969
Rhipheus — — — —	ii	457
Rome, its glories derived from Æneas —	i	10
Romulus — — — —	i	375
—— — — — —	vi	1055
Rutuli — — — —	vii	656

S.

SABINUS — — — —	vii	247
Sages, wounded, hastens to Turnus, and points out the approaching danger	xii	945
Salamis — — — —	i	877
Salii (the) record the immortal acts of Her- cules — — — —	viii	377
Salius — — — —	v	390
—— is thrown by Nifus catching his foot as he passed in the foot-race —	v	437
—— complains of the injustice done him	v	444
—— is presented with a lion's hide by Æneas	v	460
Salmoneus — — — —	vi	788
Sarnus — — — —	vii	1019
Sarpedon — — — —	i	142
—— — — — —	x	187
Saturn — — — —	vii	73

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Saturn, his image in the palace of Latinus described	vii	243
—— after flying from the power of Jupiter, settled in Italy, from hence called Latium	viii	425
—— his reign called the Golden Age	viii	432
Saturnia. (See Juno.)		
Scylla (the rock)	i	279
——	iii	536
—— described	iii	542
—— the name of one of the Trojan ships	v	162
Sea nymphs, assist the Trojans to get their ships off the rocks after the storm	i	205
Semethis	vii	1015
Sereſthus	ix	216
——	ix	1051
Sergeſthus	i	719
—— commanded the centaur in the naval game	v	160
—— is rewarded though not successful	v	370
—— the mast of his ship set up for fixing the dove, as a mark for the archers	v	648
Serpent, one that issued from the tomb of Anchises, described	v	112
Serranus, killed by Nifus	ix	451
Severus	vii	984
Shield, of Æneas, described	viii	829
Ships (of the Trojan fleet) transformed to sea-nymphs	ix	140
Sibyl, (the Cumean) sung the fates in her cave, and inscribed the names on leaves, which were laid at the entrance of it	iii	565
——	vi	14
—— attends on Æneas	vi	370
—— her address to Charon	vi	538
Sicanians, settled in Italy	viii	433
Sichæus	vi	639

INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Sicily, divided from Italy by an earthquake	iii	529
— — — — —	ix	289
Silvius — — — — —	vi	1033
— the second — — — — —	vi	1043
Simois — — — — —	i	143
— — — — —	iii	394
Sinon, his policy to deceive the Trojans	ii	101, &c.
— unlocked the wooden horse and let loose the Grecian army into Troy	ii	336
Sirius the (dog star) infects the sky with pesti- lential heats — — — — —	iii	194
— the cause of plagues and famines — — — — —	x	383
Soractes — — — — —	xi	1153
Stag, Ascanius kills one belonging to Tyr- rheus, which occasions the war be- tween the Latins and Trojans	vii	694
Sthelenus, slain by Turnus — — — — —	xii	515
Sthenelus — — — — —	ii	340
Storm, Æolus raises one to distress the Trojan fleet, at Juno's request — — — — —	i	120
— Juno raises one while Dido and Æneas are hunting — — — — —	iv	231
Strophades (the isles) — — — — —	iii	274
— — — — — their situation described	iii	276
— — — — — the abode of the harpies	iii	277
— — — — — the Trojans land there	iii	285
Styx — — — — —	ix	120
Sucro — — — — —	xii	734
Sulmo, killed by Pallas — — — — —	ix	555
Sword, one used by Turnus, flies in pieces	xii	1062
Sybaris, killed by Turnus — — — — —	xii	540
Sylvia, the daughter of Tyrrheus — — — — —	vii	677
— weeps over her favourite stag killed by Ascanius — — — — —	vii	700
Sylvanus — — — — —	viii	796
Syrtes — — — — —	iv	59
— — — — —	vii	418

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

T.

				Book.	Ver.
T ABURNUS	—	—	—	xii	1043
Tagus	—	—	—	ix	560
Tanais	—	—	—	xii	746
Tarchon	—	—	—	viii	664
—	joins with the Trojans	—	—	x	229
—	his ship runs ashore, is sunk, and part of the crew lost	—	—	x	420
—	inspired by Jupiter, encourages the troops	—	—	xi	1071
—	seizes Venulus, and carries him away in triumph	—	—	xi	1093
Tarentum	—	—	—	iii	723
Tarpeia	—	—	—	xi	972
Tarquin	—	—	—	viii	857
Tarquitus	—	—	—	x	767
Tartarus	—	—	—	vi	729
Telon	—	—	—	vii	1015
Tenedos	—	—	—	ii	25
Terens	—	—	—	xi	999
Tetrica	—	—	—	vii	985
Teuser	—	—	—	i	877
—	—	—	—	iv	338
Teuthras	—	—	—	x	546
Thapsus	—	—	—	iii	905
Theano	—	—	—	x	995
Thebes	—	—	—	iv	682
Themilla	—	—	—	ix	783
Theron, opposes the landing of the Trojans, and is killed	—	—	—	x	431
Thermodon	—	—	—	xi	976
Theseus	—	—	—	vi	46
—	forced Charon to ferry him over the Stygian lake	—	—	vi	531
—	—	—	—	xi	978
Thetis	—	—	—	vii	36
—	—	—	—	viii	505

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Thimbrus, killed by Æneas	x	546
Thoas	ii	342
—	x	584
Thracia once commanded by Lycurgus	iii	20
Thracians, bold in war	iii	21
— hospitable	iii	22
Thymbræus (Apollo)	iii	114
Thymætēs, the first that moved for the admission of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy	ii	42
Tiara	vii	337
Tiber (the river)	iii	650
—	vi	1208
— once called Albula	viii	439
— the god of the river, informs Æneas of his future fortune while he is sleeping	viii	51
Tibris	viii	437
Tideus	vi	646
Timavus	i	334
Tisiphone	vi	749
Tityus	vi	805
Tmarus	ix	930
Tolumnius	xii	390
— attempts to interpret the omen contrived by Juturna	xii	392
— breaks the treaty of peace, and renews the war	xii	402
Torquatus	vi	1130
Triton	i	205
—	vi	253
Trivia (the lake)	vii	719
— (Diana)	vii	1062
Trojan fleet sets sail for Italy	i	50
— the remains arrive at an African port, after the storm	i	224
Trojans, feast on the stags killed by Æneas	i	294
— are entertained by Dido	i	977

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Trojans, gave credit to the dissembled story of Sinon — — — —	ii	197
— agreed to admit the wooden horse into Troy — — — —	ii	304
Troilus — — — — —	i	663
Troy — — — — —	i	73
— the history of its destruction, related to Dido — — — —	ii	17
Tulla — — — — —	xi	972
Tullus — — — — —	vi	1109
Turnus, favoured in his addresses to Lavinia by the Queen — — — —	vii	85
— a nuptial song, sung in his name, to the throng, by Amata — — — —	vii	558
— his city built by Danae — — — —	vii	572
— he is visited by Alecto, while asleep — — — —	vii	580
— prepares to wage war with Æneas — — — —	vii	648
— plants his standard on the tower of Laurentum — — — —	viii	2
— is advised by Iris (sent to him by Juno) to take advantage of the absence of Æneas to pursue the war — — — —	ix	2
— invokes Iris, and resolves to follow her advice — — — —	ix	19
— begins the war, by throwing a dart — — — —	ix	60
— fires some of the Trojan ships — — — —	ix	83
— considers the transformation of the Trojan ships into sea nymphs, as a fatal omen to the Trojans — — — —	ix	155
— throws a flaming brand, and fires the tower — — — —	ix	712
— kills Pandarus — — — —	ix	1013
— is repulsed by the Trojans, who acquire fresh courage from the reproaches of Mnestheus — — — —	ix	1065
— is overpowered by numbers and retreats — — — —	ix	1103
— wonders at a renewal of the war, till he perceives the return of Æneas and the Trojan fleet — — — —	x	373

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Turnus endeavours to oppose the landing of the Trojans —	x	385
— leaps from his chariot and engages Pallas in single combat —	x	636
— kills him, bestrides the body while he addresses himself to the Arcadians, tramples on him, and takes away his shining belt —	x	675, &c.
— is deceived on shipboard by the device of Juno, who descends in a cloud, and presents a representation of Æneas —	x	896
— perceives the delusion, and addresses himself to Jupiter —	x	943
— he is conveyed home, and the conduct of the war is left to Mezentius —	x	972
— he replies in the council to Drances, and proposes to prosecute the war —	xi	585
— addresses himself to Camilla —	xi	769
— is inspired, by the ill success of Camilla, to renew the war, which is delayed by the approach of night —	xi	1299
— resolves to try his fate —	xii	8
— informs the king of his resolution to engage Æneas in single combat —	xii	19
— is persuaded by Amata to wave the combat and pursue the general war —	xii	88
— sends the Herald to give the challenge to Æneas —	xii	118
— puts his armour on —	xii	137
— is judged unequal to Æneas by the Rutulians —	xii	322
— appears dejected at the altar —	xii	333
— the peace being broke, he pursues the enemy —	xii	487
— kills Eumedes and many of the Trojans —	xii	535, &c.

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Turnus, eludes Æneas's search by the device of Juturna	xii	705
he is advised by Juturna to pursue the war	xii	912
his answer to her	xii	918
is advised by Sages to exert himself	xii	948
resolves to end all by the combat	xii	983
hastens to the city and makes his resolution known	xii	999
engages with Æneas	xii	1058
finding the mistake of his sword, flies from Æneas and the Trojans	xii	1075
prays Faunus to detain the lance of Æneas in the olive tree	xii	1126
is affected by the Fury sent by Jupiter to drive Juturna from the war	xii	1252
replies to the reproaches of Æneas	xii	1295
is baffled in every attempt by the Fury	xii	1319
is deprived, through fear, of the power of defence	xii	1329
is wounded by Æneas, and falling, prays him to spare his father, and begs his life	xii	1349
is killed by him in revenge for the death of Pallas	xii	1375
Tydides	i	139
Typhæus	viii	398
	ix	969
Tyre	i	470
	i	1028
Tyrrhenus	xi	914
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to king Latinus	vii	676
his sons follow Turnus to the war	ix	32
Tyrus	x	562
Tyfander	ii	340

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

V.

	Book.	Ver.
U CALEGON — — — —	ii	419
Venus is sent to Diomede to solicit assistance — —	viii	13
— his speech to the council —	xi	370
Venus, her address to Jupiter respecting the misfortunes of Æneas —	i	316
— meets Æneas and Achates, in the disguise of an huntress — —	i	443
— relates the history of Dido to them —	i	472
— inquires from whence Æneas came, and what country claimed his birth — —	i	538
— encourages him to submit to the gods, and to seek protection of Dido at Carthage — —	i	509
— causes a slumber to seize Iulus, while Cupid personates him, and goes with presents to Dido —	i	970
— prevented Æneas from killing Helen —	ii	806
— counselled him to fly for safety from the destruction of Troy —	ii	810
— her reply to Juno — —	iv	151
— petitions Neptune — —	v	1020
— solicits Vulcan to prepare armour for Æneas — —	viii	484
— brings the fated arms to Æneas —	viii	807
— her speech to the Trojan ships when transformed into sea-nymphs —	ix	140
— replies to Jupiter in the council of the gods — —	x	26
— directs the course of the enemy's arrows from Æneas — —	x	457
— releases the lance of Æneas from the olive tree — —	xii	1141
Vesta — — — —	ii	395
Ufens, takes part with Turnus in the war —	vii	1026
— heads the troops — —	viii	9

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

			Book.	Ver.
Ufens (the river)	—	—	vii	1092
Virbius, the son of Hippolytus	—	—	vii	1048
— fo called by Diana	—	—	vii	1064
Ulyffes	—	—	ii	10
—	—	—	ii	116
—	—	—	ii	341
— bafely born	—	—	vi	710
Umbro, joins Turnus in the war	—	—	vii	1032
Volfcens, joins the army of Turnus with three hundred horfe	—	—	ix	502
— difcovered Nifus and Euryalus in the camp	—	—	ix	509
Volfcians, the manner of their engaging	—	—	ix	671
— are headed by Camilla	—	—	xi	754
— quit the field after the death of Ca- milla	—	—	xi	1257
Volufus	—	—	xi	703
Vulcan	—	—	v	863
— grants the request of Venus to forge armour for Æneas	—	—	viii	523
— gives directions to the Cyclops for forging the armour	—	—	viii	579
X.				
XANTHUS	—	—	iii	450
Z.				
ZACYNTHIAN woods	—	—	iii	351

A
POETICAL INDEX.

TO
VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

By Mr. POTTER.

N.B. *The first Number marks the Book, the second the Verse.*

F A B L E.

THE great Moral of the *Æneis*, is pious resignation and its rewards; which is pursued through the whole fable.

EPISODES OF FABLES interwoven into the Poem, but foreign to its design.

The history of the fate of Troy, and the adventures of Æneas after the siege, as related by him to Dido, Book the second and third, may be considered as such. The friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, ix. 222, &c. &c. The different actions and death of Lausus and Mezentius, x. The Episode of Camilla, xi. 815.

POETICAL INDEX.

F A B L E.

Allegorical FABLES.

Moral.] Punishment of a voluptuary after death, vi. 819. And all the descriptions of punishments for particular crimes in B. vi.

Physical or Philosophical.] See the system of Platonick philosophy, relative to the soul of man, in the ALLEGORIES.

For the rest of the Allegories, see the System of the Gods as acting in their allegorical characters, under the article CHARACTERS.

Allegorical or Fictitious Persons in VIRGIL.

Æolus the god of the winds, i. 79. The sea-nymphs, i. 205. Triton, i. 205. x. 298. Celæno, one of the harpies, iii. 327. Scylla, (the rock) personified, iii. 540. Fame, iv. 252. xi. 209. xii. 883. Atlas, iv. 364. Iris, or the Rainbow, iv. 996. The messenger of Juno, v. 791. ix. 2. Alecto, one of the Furies, vii. 541. The choir of Nereids, x. 312. Juturna, x. 618. The Dira, or Fury, xii. 1239.

The MARVELLOUS or supernatural FICTIONS in VIRGIL.

The sea-nymphs assisting the Trojans to get their ships off the rocks, after the storm, i. 205. The cloud concealing Æneas when he entered Carthage, i. 613. Cupid personating Ascanius, i. 965. The prodigy of the serpents destroying Laocoon and his children, at Troy, as related by Æneas, ii. 269. Omen of the lambent fire round the crown of Iulus (or Ascanius) ii. 930. Creüsa's Ghost appearing to Æneas, as related by him, ii. 1047. Prodigy of the Myrtles weeping blood, iii. 36. The Ghost of Polydore ad-

POETICAL INDEX.

F A B L E.

dressing Æneas, iii. 58. The prediction of the Oracle, iii. 127. The interpretation of the Oracle by the household Gods of Æneas, iii. 208. The prophecy of the Harpy, iii. 333. The portents observed by Dido on the departure of Æneas from Carthage, iv. 657. Iris cutting Dido's fatal lock, iv. 1009. Her descent to the Trojan matrons, v. 787. Also to Turnus, ix. 2. Prodigy of the serpent from the Tomb of Anchises, v. 111. Of an arrow firing with the violence of its way, v. 691. The miraculous shower, sent by Jupiter to extinguish the flames of the Trojan fleet, v. 910. The Ghost of Anchises, v. 945, and all the spirits of departed persons, in the shades below, vi. 455. throughout. The descent of Sleep, v. 1090. The golden branch of Proserpine's tree, vi. 210. The doves directing Æneas to the tree, vi. 288. The marvellous river Styx, vi. 503. ix. 120. Cerberus watching the gate of Hell, vi. 564. Elysium, vi. 868. The prodigy of Lavinia's hair firing at the altar, vii. 111. The interpositions of Alecto, vii. 479, &c. Juno's unbaring the gates of the temple of Mars, vii. 857. Tiber (the God of the River) appearing to Æneas while asleep, viii. 46. The prodigy of the fatal swine, and thirty young ones, viii. 111; of Æneas being called to the war, by the sound of warlike instruments, and appearance of arms in the sky, by the device of Venus, viii. 692. The changing of the Trojan ships to sea-nymphs, ix. 139. Jupiter bowing the heavens, at the request of Ascanius, ix. 863. Apollo bestriding a golden cloud, and animating Ascanius to glory, ix. 873. Juno's directing the lance thrown by Pandarus, from Turnus, ix. 1007. Jove's sending Iris to force Turnus from the Trojans, ix. 1086. The choir of sea-nymphs surrounding Ænea's ship, x. 324. Venus directing the arrows of the Enemy from Æneas, x. 457. Juturna's interpositions, x. 618. xii. 340.—689.—1035. The device of Juno to convey Turnus from the war, x. 896. The

POETICAL INDEX.

F A B L E.

death of Aruns, by the Goddess Opis, xi. 1246. The interposition of Jupiter in behalf of the Trojans, xi. 1069. The prodigy of Jove's bird, xii. 370. Of Venus healing the wound of Æneas, xii. 669. Jupiter weighing the fate of Æneas and Turnus in his balance, xii. 1054. Prodigy of Æneas's lance stuck in the olive-tree, xii. 1119. Venus freeing the lance, xii. 1138. The Dira, or Fury, sent by Jupiter to drive Juturna from the war, xii. 1237. Prodigy of a great stone heaved by Turnus, of weight equal to the strength of twelve men, xii. 1300. The Fury rendering all the attempts of Turnus vain, xii. 1321.

Under this head, may also be included the passions in human and visible forms, and the rest.

CHARACTERS or MANNERS.

Characters of the Gods of VIRGIL, as acting in the Physical or Moral capacities of those Deities.

J U P I T E R.

Acting and governing all as the supreme Being.] Interposes in favour of the Trojans, from B. ix. to the end of the Poem. See the Article THEOLOGY in the next Index.

J U N O.

As Goddess of Empire.] Presides over marriage rites, iv. 80. xii. 1194. An Enemy to Æneas and the Trojans, through the whole Poem. Endeavours to pre-

POETICAL INDEX.

CHARACTERS.

vent the Trojans from settling in Italy, i. 106. *See the Table of marvellous and supernatural Fictions, for the instances of her interpositions against the Trojans, and in favour of Turnus.*

A P O L L O.

As the Sun.] Restores the day, i. 422. Scorches the sky, vii. 997.

As Destiny.] Taught Helenus the gift of Prophecy, iii. 461. Inspires prophecy, iii. 552. Directed the fate of Æneas, iii. 616. Acquaints Ascanius of his future fortune, ix. 876.

M A R S.

As God of War.] Inspires the Latians with courage, and chills the hearts of the Trojans, ix. 973.

V E N U S.

As the passion of Love.] Makes Cupid personate Ascanius, to inflame Dido with a passion for Æneas, i. 946. Inspires Vulcan to forge arms for Æneas, viii. 514.

As the parent of Æneas.] Attends the fortune of the Trojans, and favours them through the whole Poem.

C U P I D.

As God of Love.] Inflames Dido with a passion for Æneas, i. 1005.

POETICAL INDEX.

CHARACTERS.

NEPTUNE.

As God of the Sea.] Superior to all other watry deities, i. 176, 191. Calms the Storm raised by Æolus, i. 203. Favours the Trojans, i. 208.

VULCAN,

Or the Element of Fire.] Reigns triumphant at the firing of the Trojan fleet, v. 863. Directs the Cyclops to forge the fated arms for Æneas, viii. 578.

MERCURY.

As Messenger of Jupiter.] Is sent to gain the Trojans a favourable reception at Carthage, i. 408. Warns Æneas from Carthage, iv. 350, 805.

CHARACTERS of the HEROES.

N. B. *The Speeches which depend upon, and flow from these several characters, are distinguished by an S.*

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, i. 277. S. v. 70. S. 910. S. viii. 719. xi. 5, 488. xii. 266. S.
Filial and parental, ii. 982, 1094. xii. 642.
A lover of his people, i. 424, 644. S. ii. 3.
Tender and compassionate, v. 1133. vi. 257. x. 1165, xi. 43, 57. xii. 1362.
Eloquent in all his Orations and Speeches.
Superior to all men in valour, throughout.

PORTICAL INDEX.

CHARACTERS.

TURNUS.

Ambitious, fiery, and undaunted, vii. 795. ix. 53, 153.
Revengeful and implacable, as well as valiant throughout.

ASCANIUS.

Sensible, v. 876. S.
Manly, vii. 687. ix. 417.
Filial, xii. 568.
Valiant, v. 745. ix. 806, 868.

PALLAS.

Friendly, viii. 161. S.
Valiant, x. 510, 630. S.

TARCHON.

Valiant, xi. 1073, 1118.

MEZENTIUS.

Valiant and undaunted, x. 977, 1257.
Parental, x. 1206.
Haughty, cruel, irreligious, a blasphemer, vii. 895.
viii. 10. x. 1026, 1046, 1096.

LAUSUS.

Skilful, and heroic, vii. 899. x. 601.
Eminently filial and pious, x. 1121, 1131.

MESSAPUS.

Brave, and a Warrior, vii. 955. viii. 9, 693.

POETICAL INDEX,

CHARACTERS.

DRANCES,

Envious, factious, cautious in battle, a caballer, and tongue-valiant, xi. 183, 510, &c.

CHARACTERS of other HEROES.

Acestes, friendly and benevolent, v. 48, 80. A skilful archer, v. 685.

Accestes, faithful, xi. 45, 123.

Achates, faithful to Æneas, and the Trojan interest, i. 173, 815, 911. viii. 610, and throughout the Poem.

Achmon, brave, x. 188.

Alethes, pious, affectionate and sensible, ix. 326.

Asius, heroic, x. 188.

Asylas, skilful in throwing the javelin, ix. 777. A skilful soothsayer and augur, x. 255.

Bitias, presuming, and rashly valiant, ix. 918.

Clausus, an experienced general, vii. 973.

Entellus, valiant, v. 606, 633.

Evander, friendly, benevolent, sensible, pious and parental, viii. 205, 269, 679, 731, 754.

Euryalus, beautiful, eminently heroic, inconsiderate, but singular in friendship, ix. 414, 460.

Halesus, heroic, proud, fierce and rash, vii. 1000. x. 577, &c.

Hæmon, resolute, ix. 932. x. 189.

Hæmonides, (priest of Apollo) proud and cowardly, x. 747, &c.

Helenus, (a prophet and hero) friendly, learned, eloquent, pious, and generously benevolent, iii. 446, 480, 592.

POETICAL INDEX.

CHARACTERS.

Ilioneus, sensible and eloquent ; see his speeches, i. 734.
vii. 291. Compassionate, ix. 664.

Latinus, friendly, hospitable, deliberate, penetrating,
pious, and resigned to fate, vii. 286, 354, 813. xi.
355, 463. xii. 31.

Lucagus, bold, x. 810.

Nisus, famous for swiftness, sensible, prudent, and valiant, v. 418. ix. 440. His singular friendship and
tenderness for Euryalus, v. 437. ix. 266, 531, 571,
953.

Pandarus, presuming, and rashly valiant, ix. 914.

Sergesthus, faithful and brave, ix. 216.

Ufens, a bold warrior, viii. 9.

SPEECHES and ORATIONS.

A TABLE of the most important in the *ÆNEIS*.

In the Exhortatory or Deliberative kind.

The complaint of Venus to Jupiter, i. 314. Of Venus to *Æneas*, i. 536. Of Venus to Cupid, i. 937. Of *Celæno* to the Trojans, iii. 324. Of Juno to Venus, iv. 161. Of Mercury to *Æneas*, iv. 389, 806. Of Dido on the departure of *Æneas*, iv. 848. Of Nautes to *Æneas*, v. 928. Of the Sibyl to *Æneas*, vi. 191. To Charon, vi. 538. Juno's Speech, on the Trojans landing at Laurentum, vii. 404. Of Juno to *Alecto*,

POETICAL INDEX.

SPEECHES.

vii. 460, 765. Of Turnus to his troops, ix. 155. Of Nisus to Euryalus, ix. 235. Of Jupiter to the gods in council, x. 7, 159. Of Pallas to his friends and soldiers, x. 515. Of Jupiter to Juno, x. 856. Of Æneas to his friends, ii. 21. Of Æneas to the ambassadors from Laurentum, xi. 161. Of Latinus to Turnus, xii. 31. Of Æneas to Ascanius, xii. 644. Of Æneas to his army, xii. 825. Of Juturna to Turnus, xii. 912. Of Jupiter to Juno, xii. 1147, 1205.

In the Supplicatory kind.

Juno's request to Æolus, i. 97. Of Venus to Jupiter, i. 314. Of Æneas to Venus, i. 450. Of Ilioneus to Dido, i. 734. Dido's invocation of Jupiter, i. 1020. Of Æneas to Dido, iv. 483. Of Dido to Anna, iv. 601. Of Æneas to Jupiter, v. 901. Of Venus to Neptune, v. 1020. Of Æneas to Apollo and the Sibyl, vi. 88. To the Sibyl, vi. 155. To the shade of Palinurus, vi. 167. Of Latinus to the Trojans, vii. 270. Of Amata to Latinus, vii. 501. Of Venus to Vulcan, viii. 492. Of Euryalus to Nisus, ix. 256. Of Nisus to the council, ix. 309. Of Ascanius to Nisus and Euryalus, ix. 339. Of Venus to Jupiter, x. 26. Of Cymodoce, the Nereid, to Æneas, x. 324. Of Magus to Æneas, x. 728. Of Turnus to Jupiter, x. 943. The petition of Aruns to Apollo, xi. 1153. Of Amata to Turnus, xii. 88. Of Juno to Juturna, xii. 216. Of Juno to Jupiter, xii. 1177.

In the Vituperative kind.

Of Neptune to the winds, i. 88. Of Dido to Æneas, iv. 441, 522. Of Numanus to the Trojans, ix. 811. Of Pandarus to Turnus, ix. 995. Mnestheus to the

POETICAL INDEX.

SPEECHES.

Trojans, ix. 1054. Of Juno to Venus, x. 95. Of Drances in the Council, xi. 519. Of Turnus in the Council in answer to Drances, xi. 585. Of Tarchon to the Trojans, xi. 1077. Of Juturna to the Rutulians, xii. 346. Of Æneas to the Trojans, xii. 473. Of Turnus to Juturna, xii. 918.

In the Complimentary, or Congratulatory kind.

Speech of Dido to the Trojans, i. 790. Of Æneas to Dido, i. 834. Of Dido to Æneas, i. 870. Of Æneas to his people, v. 59. Of Neptune to Venus, v. 1045. Of Latinus to the Trojans, vii. 354. Of Evander to Æneas, viii. 205. Of Vulcan to Venus, viii. 523. Of Drances to Æneas, xi. 187. Of Turnus to Camilla, ii. 769.

In the Narrative.

Jupiter's speech to Venus, i. 350. Of Venus to Æneas, i. 465. Of Æneas to Venus, i. 513. Æneas's relation of the destruction of Troy, to Dido, B. ii. & iii. Of Dido to Anna, iv. 694. The declaration of the Sibyl, vi. 129. Of the Sibyl to Æneas, vi. 441. Of Ilioneus to Latinus, vii. 290. Of Æneas to Pallas, viii. 154. Of Æneas to Evander, viii. 168. Of Evander to Æneas, viii. 246. Of Venulus in the council, ii. 372. Diana's relation of the story of Camilla, ii. 815. Of Sages to Turnus, xii. 945.

In the Pathetick.

Of Æneas to Venus, i. 563. Of Dido to Anna, iv. 11. Of Anna to Dido, iv. 42. Dido's last speech, iv. 937. Of Æneas to the Ghost of Anchises, v. 106.

POETICAL INDEX.

SPEECHES.

Of Evander to Æneas, viii. 742. Nisus to Euryalus, ix. 266. Euryalus to Ascanius, ix. 373. Of Æneas over the dead body of Pallas, xi. 59. Of Evander over the dead body of Pallas, xi. 230.

In the Irony, or Sarcastm.

Of Juno to Venus, iv. 134. Of Venus to Juno, iv. 151.

Speech to an Horse.

Of Mezentius to his Horse Rhœbus, x. 1231.

DESCRIPTIONS of IMAGES.

A COLLECTION of the most remarkable throughout the Æneis.

Descriptions of PLACES.

Of the building of Carthage, i. 586, &c.

Cave of Æolus, i. 78.

—— the Sibyl, vi. 62.

Gate of Hell, vi. 384.

Palace of Laurentum, vii. 229.

—— Pluto, vi. 857.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Passage to the Shades below, vi. 338.
 Port (African) where Æneas and the Trojans landed,
 i. 228.
 Shades below, vi. 575, &c.
 Temple of Apollo at Cumæ, vi. 17.
 ——— Ceres, near Troy, ii. 969.
 ——— Juno, at Carthage, i. 625.
 Tomb of Dercennus, xi. 1235.
 ——— Misenus, vi. 332.

Descriptions of PERSONS.

- Æneas, his beautiful countenance, &c. i. 824. Stand-
 ing over Turnus after he had wounded him, xii. 1360.
 Apollo, on a golden Cloud encouraging Ascanius to
 glory, ix. 873. Assuming the form of old Butes, ix.
 884.
 Ascanius, graceful, iv. 200. A bold hunter, iv. 223.
 Heading a troop of horse at the games in honour of
 Anchises, v. 744. Hunting the stag, vii. 691. In-
 voking Jupiter, ix. 855. His beauty, x. 199.
 Atis, beautiful, v. 741.
 Aventinus, his shield and person, vii. 910. His origin,
 vii. 914.
 Bitias, gigantic, ix. 951.
 Camilla, her appearance and valour, xi. 962. Her
 death, xi. 1203.
 Charon, vi. 414.
 Cupid, in appearance a boy, i. 960. Personates Iulus,
 i. 967, 889.
 Cyclops, forged the gate and iron arch of the palace of
 Pluto, vi. 857. Their abode, viii. 551. Forge the
 armour of Æneas by command of Vulcan, viii. 553.
 Dares, athletick. v. 486. Engages with Entellus, v.
 566. Is vanquished, v. 624.
 Diana, i. 700.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Dido, iv. 194. Her indiscretion, iv. 241. At a Sacrifice, iv. 747. The effects of her disappointed love, iv. 846. Her rashness, iv. 951.
- Entellus, athletic, v. 560. Engages with Dares, v. 566. Is victorious, v. 610.
- Euryalus, young and beautiful, v. 387, 449. His valour, ix. 460. His death, ix. 279.
- Evander, lamenting the death of his son, xi. 224.
- Halesus, his origin, vii. 1002. Of his valour, x. 577.
- Harpies, iii. 280.
- Inhabitants of the shades below, vi. 575, &c.
- Iöpas, a Carthaginian Musician, i. 1038.
- Juno. *See the Index of PERSONS and THINGS, CHARACTERS, &c.*
- Jupiter, described, i. 347. *Ibid.*
- Latinus, aged and venerable, vii. 68. His origin, vii. 70.
- Lavinia, fair, vi. 1037.
- Lausus, beautiful and young, vii. 899.
- Magus, begging his life of Æneas, x. 727.
- Mercury, described as the messenger of Jupiter, i. 412. iv. 350, 803.
- Mezentius, lamenting the death of his son, x. 1206.
- Misenus, trumpeter to Æneas, iii. 313. His excellence, vi. 243. His vanity, and the consequence of it, vi. 251. The honours paid him after death by the Trojans, vi. 306, 332.
- Neptune, described riding on the Sea, i. 180, v. 1069. Rebuking the Winds, i. 188.
- Nisus, renowned for his friendship to Euryalus, v. 388. See B. ix. 221, and throughout.
- Polypheme, described, iii. 865.
- Priam, (grandson of King Priam) young and lovely, v. 734.
- Sibyl, iii. 563, vi. 14.
- Triton, Neptune's trumpeter, vi. 253. x. 300. Described, x. 302.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Turnus, described in various situations, from B. vii. to the end of the Poem.

Venus, described as an huntress, i. 435. As the Goddess of Love, i. 556. Beautiful in all her appearances through the Poem.

Descriptions of THINGS.

Abode of Alecto, vii. 777.

Battle, between the Harpies and the Trojans, iii. 313.

See the article MILITARY Descriptions.

Bowl, i. 1017.

Building, of Carthage, i. 586. Of the Temple of Juno, at Carthage, i. 626.

Burial, of the slain in battle, xi. 284.

Burning, of Troy, ii. 397, &c. Of the Trojan fleet, v. 889.

Ceremonies, at a feast in honour of Hercules, viii. 371.

Chariot, driven and dividing a crowd, x. 620.

Council, of state, xi. 362.

Crests, waving, ix. 923.

Crowd, rushing to pass the Stygian ferry, vi. 422.

Cyclops, forging the armour of Æneas, viii. 583.

Death, of Dido, iv. 951. Of Rhemus, ix. 445. Of Bitias, ix. 959. Of Pandarus, ix. 1015. Of Mezentius, x. 1293, &c. Of Camilla, xi. 1203. Of Turnus, xii. 1376. *The Descriptions of different sorts of death in the Æneis are innumerable, and scattered throughout the battles.*

Descent, of Mercury, i. 412. Of the Dira, xii. 1239.

Dress of Chloëus, xi. 1136.

Earth, (the) labouring under the tread of Heroes rushing to battle, xii. 658.

Entertainment, one given by Dido to Æneas and the Trojans, i. 900—981.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Funeral pile, of Dido, iv. 727. Of Misenus, vi. 308.
 ——— bier, xi. 95.
 ——— procession, xi. 90.
 Game, a naval one, v. 151.
 Hand, severed from the body, holding a fauchion, x.
 553.
 Herd of stags, i. 260.
 Heroes, attending to ratify a peace, xii. 245, &c.
 Horses, of war; *innumerable descriptions may be seen in the battles.*
 Horse, (wooden) that constructed by the Greeks for the destruction of Troy, described, ii. 19.
 ——— of Æneas, viii. 730. Of Turnus, ix. 54. Of Mezentius, x. 1226. Kneelt to receive his master, x. 1241. Wounded, the effects, x. 1279. Of Pallas, at the funeral procession of his master, xi. 134. Chariot horses of Turnus, xii. 127. Toss their heads and neigh at his approach, xii. 128.
 ——— white, x. 811.
 ——— of young Priam, v. 739.
 Illumination, of the palace of Dido, i. 1015.
 Images in the palace of Laurentum, vii. 241.
 Leaping from a chariot, x. 636.
 Mount Ætna described, iii. 748.
 Neptune's riding on the sea, v. 1069.
 Oak-tree stripped of its boughs to erect a trophy with the spoils of Mezentius, xi. 6.
 Overthrow of Cacus, viii. 285.
 Presents made to Dido, i. 915.
 Screech owl, iv. 672.
 Of a sacrifice, iv. 736. Of one to Juno, iv. 81. One on the ratification of peace, xii. 255. Sacrifices to particular deities, iii. 162.
 Sinking part of the Trojan fleet in the storm, i. 154.
 Stern of Æneas's ship, x. 232. Of another ship, x. 250.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Stone, rolled down on the foe, ix. 773. Stone thrown by a hero, x. 192, 988. One heaved by Turnus, xii. 1300.

Storm, raised by Æolus, i. 124, 148. One raised by Juno, iv. 231.

Trophy, one raised by Æneas with the spoils of Mezentius, xi. 6.

Vest, one given to Cloanthus, for conquering in the naval game, v. 325. Of two vests, xi. 103.

Descriptions, of TIMES and SEASONS.

Morning, iv. 7, 840. vii. 34. ix. 610. xii. 173.

Night, iii. 764. viii. 40, 484.

Dead of night, iv. 757.

Midnight, viii. 539.

MILITARY Descriptions.

Armies, burying the slain in battle, xi. 284.

— engaging, xii. 673.

— broken, unite and join again in battle, xii. 104.

Armour, and vestment of Pallas, viii. 776. Of Æneas, viii. 821.

— glittering, ix. 791.

— of Turnus, ix. 990.

— scaled with gold, x. 434.

Army, on a march, viii. 772, 786.

— approaching the walls of a town, xi. 898.

— in confusion on the loss of a leader, xi. 1257.

Arrow, hissing through the air, ix. 866.

Arrows (Scythian) swift of flight, viii. 287.

Battle, left unfinished for a single combat, xii. 1012.

Confusion of Battle, xi. 944. Day of Battle, xi. 901.

Belt, inlaid with gold, x. 691.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Bow, (Gnossian) viii. 224.
 ——— founding with the force of being pulled, ix. 865.
 Buckler, of the goddess Pallas, ii. 833.
 Captives bound, marching in procession, ii. 115.
 Chariot, of war, xii. 491.
 ——— of a Champion, drawn in his funeral procession
 smeared with blood, xi. 129.
 Coat of mail, iii. 598. Of another, v. 339.
 Crest of Turnus, vii. 1073. Of Æneas, darting rays of
 fire from its lustre, x. 377.
 Combat (single) preparations for it, xii. 178.
 Conqueror, bestriding his antagonist after he had killed
 him, x. 683.
 Enemy, approaching near a town, the consequences, xi.
 689.
 Fauchion, held by a hand dismembered from its body, x.
 553.
 ——— of Turnus, xii. 140.
 Field of Battle streaming with blood, xi. 960.
 ———— drunk with the blood of the slain, xii.
 563.
 Fight, a sham one, v. 725.
 Gauntlets, and helms, carried in the funeral Processions
 of Heroes, xi. 120.
 Helm and crest of Turnus, ix. 55.
 ——— of Mezentius, ornamented with horse-hair, x.
 1245.
 Herald, sent with a challenge, xii. 118.
 Hero, armed at all points, xi. 733.
 ——— wounded, conveyed to his tent, xii. 566.
 ——— arming for combat, xii. 636.
 ——— thrown from his chariot, xii. 778.
 Horse, of state, attending the funeral of a Hero, xi. 131.
 ——— wounded in battle, xi. 948.
 Horses (of Heroes) running their heads against each other
 with such violence, as to dismount their riders, xi. 917.
 Javelin, the force of one thrown by Æneas, x. 1115.

POETICAL INDEX.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Lance, of Turnus, xii. 146.
—— which killed Bitias, ix. 955.
Onset, of battle, ix. 904.
Peace, ratified, xii. 266, &c.
Quiver (Lycian) viii. 224.
Shield of Turnus, vii. 1077. Of Æneas, viii. 829.
Shouts of an army going to engage, ix. 669.
Spear, hissing by the violence of being thrown, x. 481.
Spears (fated) x. 460.
Squadrons embattled, xi. 896.
Stand of an army. Fortification attacked, ix. 708.
Joining in battle, ix. 930.
Storming a city, xii. 804.
Throwing, with the sling, ix. 797.
Trophy, of the spoils of Mezentius, xi. 6.
Truce (of Peace) broken, xii. 402.
Watch-tower in flames, xii. 977.

Descriptions of the INTERNAL PASSIONS, or their VISIBLE EFFECTS.

- Anxiety and doubt, in Turnus, xii. 967.
Confusion, in Latinus, xii. 891.
Despair and fury, in Dido, iv. 922.
Fear, in Æneas, ii. 764. In Dido, iii. 40. Doubtful
fear in Turnus, xii. 330.
Fury, in Turnus, vii. 642. xii. 15.
Grief, in Æneas, x. 1165. xi. 141. In Evander, xi.
227.
Horror, in Dido, iii. 18.
Love, in Dido, i. 998. iii. 2, 93. Of disappointed
Love in Dido. iv. 434, 846.
Sorrow, in Acætes, xi. 125. In Lavinia, xii. 100.
Surprise, in Andromache, iii. 395.

POETICAL INDEX

S I M I L I E S.

From BEASTS.

The rage of Wolves in search of prey for their young, to the despair and fury of the Inhabitants of a city sacked by an enemy, ii. 479. The rage of a wounded hind, to that of Dido inflamed by desire, iii. 95. The roaming of a Wolf at night for prey, to the fury of Turnus searching for the Trojans, ix. 66. A Stag bounding against hounds and huntsmen, when encompassed by them, to the resolution of a soldier surrounded by his enemies, ix. 739. A Boar surrounded by huntsmen, to a General encompassed by revolting soldiers, x. 1000. A Courser freed from his keeper, and the restraint of reins, to Turnus descending from the Tower of Laurentum armed to battle, xi. 743. A Wolf flying, having only torn his prey, to Aruns flying after he had wounded Camilla, xi. 1183. The fleetness of horses, to the flight of northern winds, xii. 133. The fury of the Bull, in fight of his female, to the raving of Turnus, xii. 159. A battle between two Bulls, to the combat between Æneas and Turnus, xii. 1042. A stag pursued by hounds, to Turnus pursued in flight by Æneas, xii. 1083.

From LIONS.

The rage of a famished Lion, seeking prey, to the fury of Euryalus slaughtering the enemy, ix. 460. A Lion surrounded by the spears of hunters, to Turnus surrounded by the Trojans, ix. 1072. A Lion rushing on a Bull, to Turnus rushing on Pallas, x. 638. A lion rushing on a goat, or stag, to Mezentius rushing on his foes, x. 1026. The rage of a wounded lion, to the fury of Turnus, xii. 9.

POETICAL INDEX.

SIMILIES.

From BIRDS.

The violence of an Eagle seizing its prey, to the anger of Pallas, i. 66. The joining of a flight of Swans after being pursued by an Eagle, to the meeting of the Trojan ships after their separation in the storm, i. 552. A frightened Dove leaving her nest and flying to the ship of Mnestheus in the naval game, v. 276. An Eagle seizing its prey, to Turnus seizing Lycus, ix. 716. The rising of Cranes before southern storms, to the army roused by the appearance of Æneas, x. 370. A swallow and hawk seeking food for their young, to the fury of Juturna driving the chariot of Turnus round the field of battle, xii. 691.

From SNAKES.

The vauntings of Pyrrhus, and the glittering of his arms, to a snake having renewed its skin after winter, ii. 641. A snake crushed by the wheels of a carriage, to Sergesthus' shattered vessel, v. 339. A Serpent seized by an Eagle, to the struggling of a prisoner taken by an enemy, ii. 1105.

From FIRES.

The firing of weeds in Summer, to the renewal of vigour in the troops of Pallas, x. 566. Fire catching both sides of a wood, to the rage of different heroes in the field of battle, xii. 760.

From TREES.

An oak resisting winds, to Æneas withstanding the solicitations of Dido, iv. 640. The falling of a hollow

POETICAL INDEX.

SIMILIES.

pine, to Entellus falling in the gauntlet-fight, v. 599.
The height of fir-trees, to the gigantic height of
Bitias and Pandarus, ix. 917. Oak-trees overloaded,
and shook by winds, to their waving-crests, ix. 924.

From FISH.

Dolphins chasing one another, to the turns and returns
of the Trojan youths at the warlike games, v. 775.

From WINDS.

Unfledged Winds, to the murmurs and mixed applause
in the council of the Gods, x. 149. The contention
of winds, to the contention of two armies, x. 496.
The fury of raging Boreas, to the fury of Turnus,
xii. 542.

From STARS and COMETS.

The transcendency of the Morning star over the rest,
to the superior appearance of Pallas over others, viii.
778. The sanguine streams of Comets, to the defects
of the lustre of Æneas's shield, x. 380. Orion stalk-
ing over the flood to Mezentius towering amidst his
troops, x. 1084.

From the SUN and MOON.

The reflection of the Sun, or Moon, on polished brass,
to an anxious and distressed mind, viii. 34.

From STORMS and TORRENTS.

The increase of a storm, to the increasing fury of a
battle, vii. 736. Storm of the elements, to the storm
of a battle, ix. 908. Storms rending the skies, and

POETICAL INDEX.

SIMILIES.

torrents the earth, to Æneas raging in battle, x. 850.
Rapid torrents falling from rocks, to the rage of two
heroes scouring the field of battle.

From the SEA.

The flux and reflux of surges on the shore, to the flight
and return of an army, xi. 929.

SIMILIES, exalting the characters of Men, by compar-
ing them to Gods.

Neptune calming a stormy sea, to a pious man quelling
a tumult, i. 213. Diana compared to Dido, i. 707.
Apollo in all his glory to Æneas, iv. 204. The fury
and magnanimity of the God of war, to that of
Turnus, xii. 499.

MISCELLANEOUS SIMILIES.

Polished Ivory, or Parian Marble, chased with gold, to
the beauty of Æneas, i. 830. The swarming of Bees,
to the issuing of troops from a City, ii. 34. The con-
tention of winds to the renewal of a fight, ii. 565.
Boys whipping a top, to the fury of Amata, vii. 528.
A boiling cauldron, to the fury of Turnus, vii. 645.
A rock incapable of being moved, to the stability of
Latinus, vii. 809. The mountains Atlas and Ap-
penine, to the greatness of Æneas, xii. 1020.

I N D E X
O F
A R T S A N D S C I E N C E S.
By M r . P O T T E R .

N. B. *The first Number marks the Book, the second the Verse.*

A R T S M I L I T A R Y .

- A** MBASSADORS soliciting a truce of peace, xi. 149.
Armour-bearer, ix. 442.
Army, marching in silence and discipline, ix. 29. In-
camped before a city, ix. 199.
—— Laying before a city at night, ix. 207. Asleep
after a debauch, ix. 423. Repulsed by poles, and
missive weapons, ix. 677.
Attack (general) x. 429.
Battle between the Latian peasants and the Trojans, vii.
725. Suspension of a battle on the approach of night,
xi. 1316.
Bulwarks, the approach of an enemy observed from them,
ix. 46.
Charioteer, ix. 443.
City, in danger of being besieged, ix. 211. What
works necessary, ix. 213.
Combat, (single) x. 667. xii. 1035.
General, animating his soldiers with courage, ix. 616.
Ignoble, to pursue the enemy flying, xii. 683.
Landing troops, x. 402.
Marshalling an army, xi. 703.
Military exercises, ix. 673.
Olive branches, signs of peace, xi. 150, 505.
Palisades, ix. 694.
Plundering the slain, ix. 485.
Scaling walls, with ladders, ix. 713.
Scouts, xi. 684. Bringing intelligence to the General,
xii. 945.

INDEX OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

- Shields, borne on the heads of Soldiers, forming a moving shed, ix. 671.
Soldiers, draw lots for relieving the garrison, ix. 219.
Spies, detected, ix. 509.
Squadrons, flinging their shields behind, to save their backs in flight, xi. 922.
——— ashamed of flight, tack about, and facing the enemy put them to flight, xi. 926.
Tower, fired by the enemy, ix. 713.
Troops, revolting, x. 978.
Truce, demanded, xi. 149.
Van-guard, x. 784.
War, preparations for it, vii. 861. Between the Latins and Trojans, viii. 1.
——— renewed, xii. 702.
Watch (nightly) by fires, ix. 221.

RURAL ARTS.

- Shooting the Stag with bow and arrow, i. 263.
Hunting-match, the preparations for one, iv. 182.
Hunting, of Goats, iv. 218. Of Stags, iv. 220. Of a Stag belonging to Tyrrheus, vii. 669.

ARCHITECTURE.

- Of the Gate and Iron Arch of the Palace of Pluto, vi. 857.
Of a Palace upon an hundred Pillars, vii. 229.
Of a Watch-Tower, ix. 704.

ASTRONOMY.

- Bears, iii. 675.
Hyads, their watry force, iii. 375.
Observations of Palinurus, v. 32.
Orion, iii. 677. vii. 995. x. 1084.
Phœbus, the *Sun*, iii. 250.
Pleiades, iii. 675.
Sirius, or the *Dog star*, and its effects, iii. 195. x. 382.
The Song of *Iopas*, i. 1040, properly belongs to this article.

DIVINATION and AUGURY.

- Arms, made by Spells, thought to be impenetrable, x. 764. *See the interpretations of all the signs and prodigies throughout the Poem.*

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

GYMNASTICKS.

Racing on foot, v. 415.

Gauntlet-fight, v. 566.

GEOGRAPHY.

A TABLE of those places whose situation, products, people, or history, &c. are mentioned in the *ÆNEIS*.

The whole being properly illustrated.

Abella, a town of Campania, in Italy, vii. 1020.

Æthiopian climates, their situation, iv. 696.

Ætna, the mount, by what known, iii. 728.

Agragas, crowned with lofty summits, iii. 924, famous for producing warlike Steeds, 925.

Albano, the mount, xii. 205.

Albula, the river Tiber once so called, viii. 439.

Albunea, the river, sulphureous, vii. 124.

Allia, the river, vii. 993.

Amasene, the river, vii. 947. xi. 825.

Amsanctus, the lake, its situation, vii. 777.

Anagnia, the chief city of the Hernici, vii. 947.

Angitian woods, near the Fucine lake in Italy, vii. 1041.

Anien, a river of Italy, vii. 945.

Antandros, a city of Phrygia, iii. 7.

Antemnæ, a city of the Sabines, vii. 872.

Appenine, the mountain or ridge of hills, parting Italy, through the middle, from the Alps, xii. 1021.

Arcadian land, a country in Peloponnesus, or the Morea, viii. 70.

Ardua, once a famous city of Latium, where *Turnus* kept his court, built by *Danae*, now called Ardea, vii. 576.

Argos, a city of Peloponnesus, ii. 446. vi. 1151. vii. 396.

Argyripa, a town of Apulia, built by *Diomedes*, xi. 377.

Arisba, once a city, near Abydos and Lampsacum, ix. 350.

Asia's lakes, vii. 968.

Asium, a city of Spoleto, in Italy, x. 247.

Athos, a mountain of Macedon, xii. 1020.

Atlas, a high hill in Mauritania, crowned with piny forests, iv. 362.

Avernus, a lake of Campania, in Italy, the water of which is black, iii. 562.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

- Aufidus, a rapid river of Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, xi. 626.
- Aufonia, the country of the Aufones, or Aurunci, viii. 14.
- Batulum, a town of Campania in Italy, vii. 1020.
- Buthrotus, a city of Epirus, lofty in situation, iii. 379.
- Cære, once a city of Hetruria, and called Agyllina, viii. 627.
- Cajeta, a town of Campania, in the kingdom of Naples, named after *Cajeta* the nurse of *Æneas*, vii. 3.
- Cales, a town of Campania, famous for wine, vii. 1008.
- Calydon, the principal city of *Ætolia*, in Greece, vii. 424.
- Camarine, a town of Sicily on the southern part of the famous lake of that name, iii. 920.
- Campania, a fruitful and pleasant country of Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, now called Terra di Lavoro, vii. 1020.
- Capharæan coast, dangerous on account of the rock Caphareus, xi. 403.
- Capri, the island Capræ, on the coast of Naples, vii. 1016.
- Capua, a city of Naples, built by *Capys*, who came into Italy with *Æneas*, x. 213.
- Carmental, a Gate in Rome, named after the Prophetess Carmenta, the mother of Evander, viii. 446.
- Carthage (once a famous city of Africk, built by *Dido*) its situation and genius of the inhabitants, i. 19.
- Casperia, vii. 988.
- Caspian kingdoms, that part of the country of Hyrcania near the Caspian sea is so called by *Virgil*, vi. 1088.
- Caulonian towers, *i. e.* The town of Caulon, in Calabria, in Italy, iii. 726.
- Ceraunian rocks, high hills on the borders of Epirus, reaching to the Ionian sea, iii. 660.
- Chaonia's port, the entrance from the sea to the city Buthrotus, iii. 378.
- Charybdis, a dangerous rock and whirlpool in the straits of Sicily, opposite to Scylla, iii. 537. xi. 407.
- Ciminia, a lake near Viterbo in Italy, vii. 950.
- Circe's island, a promontory of Italy, called the *Cape of Circe*, iii. 495. Called also *Circe's bills*, vii. 1091.
- Shores, a dangerous coast, vii. 14.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

- Clusium, a city of Etruria, in Italy, x. 923.
 Corinth, a very considerable city of Achaia, vi. 1149.
 Cosa, a city of Italy, x. 247.
 Crete, a fruitful Island in the Mediterranean, iii. 141.
 Famous for its hundred cities, 144.
 Cumæ, a city of Campania, in Italy, iii. 561.
 Cyclades, Islands in the Archipelago, iii. 174.
 Cyprus, a fruitful Island betwixt Syria and Cilicia, in
 the Mediterranean, consecrated to Venus on account
 of its lascivious inhabitants, i. 880.
 Cythera, a lofty Island betwixt Peloponnesus and Crete,
 also consecrated to Venus, now called Cerigo, i. 956.
 x. 78.
 Delian shore, *i. e.* belonging to the Island of Delos, iii. 108.
 — ports, iii. 170.
 Delos, the Isle of, its situation and history, iii. 99.
 Donyssa, an Island in the Archipelago, famous for pro-
 ducing green marble, iii. 172.
 Egerian groves, situated near Rome, vii. 1045.
 Egypt, a country of Africa, xi. 406.
 Elorus, a river near a town of the same name, in Sicily,
 iii. 917.
 Elysian grove, belonging to Elysium, vi. 545.
 Enos, a city of Romania, built by Æneas, iii. 28.
 Epirian continent, iii. 510.
 Epirus, a country between Macedonia, Achaia, and the
 Ionian sea, noted for a peculiar breed of horses, and
 a rocky coast, iii. 377.
 Etruria, the dominion of Tuscany, vii. 897.
 Eurota's banks, *i. e.* of the celebrated river of Laconia,
 i. 699.
 Fabaris, a river of Italy, vii. 989.
 Feronia's grove and temple; *i. e.* belonging to Feronia,
 one of the Goddesses of Groves, of whom there were
 three in Italy, vii. 691.
 Fescennian lands, *i. e.* lands of Fescennia, situated near
 the Tiber, vii. 972.
 Flavian lands, *i. e.* belonging to Flavinia, a town of
 Tuscany, vii. 962.
 Foruli, a fruitful village of the Sabines, in Italy, vii. 989.
 Fucine floods, of the lake Fucinus, in the country of the
 Marfi, in the further Abruzzo, vii. 1042.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

- Geloan fields; belonging to the river and city Gela, in Sicily, iii. 922.
- Getulia's barren sands, v. 67.
- Getulian cities, *i. e.* cities of Getulia, a country of Africk near the Syrtes, iii. 56.
- Gnosian Shore; belonging to Gnosius, or Crete, iii. 157.
- Gravisca, an ancient city of Tuscany, now called Corneto, x. 263.
- Hermus, a river of Lydia, said to have golden sands, vii. 996.
- Hernicus, rocky, vii. 946.
- Hesperia, the ancient name given to Italy, i. 748. iii. 221.
- Hesperia's Plains, rich, vii. 5.
- Himella, a river of the Sabines, ix. 987.
- Janicula's remains, the ruins of a fort, on a hill adjoining to Rome, viii. 469.
- Ida, a famous hill, or mount, in Phrygia, near Troy, iii. 7. ix. 93.
- Idalian bowers; belonging to Idalia, a mountain of Crete, sacred to Venus, i. 955.
- Ilva, an Island of the Tyrrhene sea, opposite Tuscany, x. 253.
- India, in the general, a large country of Asia, vi. 1082.
- Ismaras, a mountain of Thrace, towards the Archipelago, x. 488.
- Italy; a most delightful and fruitful country; once called *Hesperia*, from its western situation, i. 103. See *Hesperia*.
- Ithaca, a country of Ionia, iii. 353.
- Latium, a country of Italy, famous for the War celebrated in the *Æneis*, i. 286. xii. 1201.
- Laurentum, (the city of *King Latinus*, near Lavinium in Italy) from whence its name, vii. 93. Famous for its lofty Towers, x. 948.
- Lerna's lake, near Argos in Peloponnesus, xii. 754.
- Leucate, a very high ridge on the promontory Leucas, famous for a temple dedicated to Apollo, iii. 355.
- Libyan shores, belonging to Libya, i. 227.
- Lilybean Strand, belonging to the promontory Lilybæum, in Sicily, dangerous from its rocks and moving sand, iii. 927.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

- Lipare, an Isle near Sicily, principal of the *Ætolian*, viii. 552.
- Lydia, a plenteous inland country of Asia Minor, x. 209.
- Lyrnessus, a town of Troas, in Phrygia, xii. 800.
- Mæotian lake, beyond the Euxine sea, vi. 1088.
- Malæan flood, the sea encompassing the promontory *Malæa*, dangerous to Mariners, v. 251.
- Mantua, a famous city of Italy, near Cremona, but beyond the Po, named after Manto, celebrated for being the place of *Virgil's* nativity, x. 228.
- Nar, a river of Umbria in Italy, of a sulphureous quality, vii. 720.
- Naxos, one of the Cyclade Isles, famous for good wines, iii. 171.
- Neritos, a rocky Isle in the Ionian sea, iii. 352.
- Numician streams, *i. e.* the river Numicus, in Italy, vii. 1089.
- Nursia, the farthest northern City of the Sabines, vii. 1027.
- Pachynus, a promontory of Sicily, iii. 548. Its shore rocky 918, lofty, vii. 395.
- Pactolus, a river in Lydia, said to have golden sands, x. 211.
- Padua, an ancient Venetian city, built by Antenor, i. 336.
- Palanteum, a city of Italy, built by Pallas, the grandfather of King Evander, viii. 73.
- Pantagias, a small rapid river of Sicily, rocky at its entrance, iii. 903.
- Paros, one of the Cyclade Isles, famous for quarries of white marble, iii. 173.
- Pelorus, a promontory of Sicily, iii. 525, 902.
- Petilia, a town of Magna Græcia, built on a mountain, by Philoctetes, iii. 515.
- Phrygian sea, i. 527. Fields, ii. 791. Shore, iv. 860.
- Plemmyrium's watry strand, iii. 908.
- Po, a river of Piedmont, in Italy, vi. 893.
- Pomptina, once a very considerable lake in Campania, vii. 1093.
- Preneſte, a city of Italy, near Rome, viii. 743.
- Privernum, a town of the Volscians in Italy, xi. 816.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

- Prochyta, a small Island, in the Tyrrhenian sea, ix. 968.
 Rhætean Shores, belonging to the country of the Grifons,
 on the Alps, iii. 148.
 Rocks of Scylla, i. 279. See *Scylla*.
 Rome, the chief city of Italy, and once of the world;
 renowned for a succession of glory, i. 10. Celebrated
 for its lofty towers, vi. 1065.
 Sabine land, *i. e.* belonging to the Sabines, a very an-
 cient and famous people of Italy, vii. 125.
 Salamis, a city in Cyprus, built by Teucer, i. 877.
 Salentinian fields, *i. e.* belonging to the Salentines, or
 Magna Græcia, iii. 514.
 Sarnus, a river of Italy, which has its source on the
 Mountain Sarus, and passing through Campania
 reaches as far as the bay of Naples, vii. 1019.
 Saturnia's Sabine land, *i. e.* belonging to the Gabii, a
 town of the Volscians, patronized by Juno, vii. 944.
 ——— Remains, *i. e.* the ruins of Saturnia, a very
 ancient city of Italy, viii. 469.
 Scæan Gate, a Gate of the City of Troy, ii. 830.
 Scylacæan strands, belonging to Scylaceum, a city on
 the coast of Sicily, iii. 726.
 Scylla, (the rock) its situation, iii. 536.
 Selinus, a town of Cilicia, on a river of the same name,
 iii. 926.
 Sicilian Shores, belonging to the Island of Sicily, i. 51.
 Sicily, an island between Africk and Italy, iii. 524, v. 34.
 Sidician Shores, *i. e.* belonging to Sidicinum Teanum,
 a city of Campania, vii. 1007.
 Simois, a river flowing from Mount Ida by Troy, xi.
 395.
 Strophades, (the islands) their situation, &c. iii. 274.
 Stygian lake; the river Styx, vi. 503.
 Syrtes, two quicksands, in the farthest part of Africa,
 iii. 59. vii. 418.
 Tarentum's bay, belonging to a very ancient city of Ca-
 labria, iii. 723.
 Tarpeian rock, mount Tarpejus, viii. 457.
 Tenedos, the isle, its situation near Troy, ii. 27.
 Tetrica, a mountain in the North of Italy, vii. 985.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES

- Thapsus and Megara ; a peninsula near Italy, and a city of Achaia, iii. 905.
- Thermodon, a river of Cappadocia, xi. 976.
- Thracia, its situation and inhabitants, &c. iii. 19.
- Thuscan sea ; *i. e.* adjoining to Tuscany, i. 102.
- Tiber, a famous river of Italy, ii. 1062. Rapid, vii. 331.
- Tibur, a pleasant city of Italy near Rome, vii. 872.
- Timavus, a river of Friuli in Italy, rising out of nine springs, i. 135.
- Trivia's lake, in Italy, near Rome, sacred to Diana, vii. 719.
- grove, near the lake, vi. 616.
- temple, vii. 1066.
- Trinacrian shores, *i. e.* the shores of Sicily, i. 272.
- Tyrrhene seas, *i. e.* Tuscan seas, vii. 8, 1019.
- Veline coast ; belonging to Velia, a port town of Italy, vi. 499.
- fountains, vii. 720.
- Xanthian flood, *i. e.* the river Xanthus near Troy, ii. 791.
- Zanthian flood, i. 662. *The same as the last article.*
- Zacynthian woods, belonging to Zacynthos, an island in the Ionian sea, iii. 351.

HISTORY.

- HISTORY preserved by *Virgil*, in the most important articles. *See the numerous Genealogies throughout the ÆNEIS.*
- Romans derived from the Trojans, i. 323. Of Romulus and Remus, i. 373. Foundation of Rome, i. 376. Carthage, a Tyrian colony, i. 468. History of Dido, i. 472. Of the fate of Troy on the walls of the temple of Juno, at Carthage, i. 638. Of Italy, i. 751. Of the invasion of Cyprus, i. 880. Locrians, salvage, iii. 512. Italy and Sicily, one till separated by an earthquake, iii. 527. Descent of King Hiarbas, iv. 286. Of the Progenitors of Acestes, v. 51. Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind, v. 154. Achillæan race, vi. 1153. Of Latium, vii. 54. viii. 417. Of Danae, vii. 573. Claudian race, vii. 976.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

Of Hippolytus, vii. 1049. Of the overthrow of
Cacus, viii. 285. Of the actions of Hercules, viii.
383. Of Camilla, xi. 815.

MUSIC.

Cymbals used by Cybele, in the Idean woods, iii. 153.

Trumpet, used to give the signal for war, viii. 4.

Trumpets wake the lazy war, viii. 574. ix. 667.

— sounding hoarsely in a funeral procession, xi.

137.

Drums and trumpets, sound mournfully at funerals, xi. 293.

MECHANICKS.

Armoury and Instruments of War.] See the Military
Descriptions.

Swords and Bucklers made of brass, by whom used, vii.
1022.

Dart, thrown in sign of war, ix. 60.

Bow, ix. 804. Apollo's bow, ix. 900.

ORATORY.

See the article SPEECHES, in the Poetical Index.

POLICY.

Kings.] Supreme in councils of the state, xi. 366. Not
absolutely independent of the councils, xi. 463, 508.

Peace.] Ratified by the oaths of monarchs, xii. 266, &c.

SURGERY.

Iäpis dressing the wound of Æneas, xii. 587. The
wound cured by the interposition of Venus, xii. 609.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c.

See the Shield of Æneas, Book viii.

Characters of Grace.] The majesty and grace of the
celestial deities, superior to that of men, throughout
the Poem. Of grace in Ascanius, iv. 200. God-
like grace in Turnus, xi. 740. Graceful mein of
Camilla, xi. 755.

Characters of Beauty.] Beauty of countenance in Æneas,
i. 824. Beauty of a young man, in Euryalus, v. 387.
In Atis, v. 741. In Ascanius, v. 744. x. 199. In Lausus,
vii. 899. In Pallas, x. 614. In Camers and Numa, x.
787. Of an old man in Latinus, vii. 68. Beauty of
eyes, in Juno, x. 862. Beauty of complexion in La-

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

vinia, xii. 101, 886. Venus represented beautiful in every situation throughout the Poem.
Largeness of Body.] See the Descriptions of Bitias, Entellus, and Pandarus. Largeness of limbs, in Theron, x. 432. Of Bulk, in Gyas, x. 442. Brawny thighs of Turnus, xi. 735.
For pictures of particular Things, see the article Images in the Poetical Index.
 History, &c. in the Shield of Æneas, Book viii.
Sculpture and Carving.] See the description of the statues in the palace of Laurentum, vii. 243, &c.
 Two carved Lions, x. 233.
 Helm of Cupavo, x. 268.
 Statue of Apollo, x. 250.
 Stern of a ship, x. 280.

P O E T R Y.

See the entire Index.

T H E O L O G Y.

A View of the SYSTEM, supported by VIRGIL.

JUPITER, or the supreme Being, superior to all the other powers of heaven, x. 1, 153.
 All human affairs governed by fate, x. 615. Fate certain, and therefore not to be feared, x. 631. The shortness of life only lengthened by Virtue, x. 658. Fate irresistible, x. 662. The will of Jupiter is fate, x. 665. The Gods attend to human affairs, x. 1075.
The inferior Deities, have different offices under God; see their descriptions and employs, in the different tables.
 The Doctrine of rewards and punishments, after death, is forcibly inculcated in the descriptions of the shades below; see Book vi.
 Æneis, the Hero of the Poem, is drawn a pious Prince, yielding all to the Gods, and frequently using Prayer; which is recommended on all enterprizes throughout the *Æneis*.

24 MA 66

F I N I S.